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GENTLE ART OF MAKING DIARIES

A Survey of That Vast Expanse of English Letters Ruled by Samuel Pepys

A Review by
PERCY A. HUTCHISON

ENGLISH DIARIES: A Review of English Diaries from the Sixteenth to the Twentieth Century, with an Introduction on Diary Writing. By Arthur Ponsonby, M. P. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

THERE is a popular illusion, which every generation has been at pains to keep alive, that man is fundamentally a modest animal. But the novelists have known all along that man's modesty is only skin deep, that fundamentally he is an egoist, and have governed themselves accordingly. The playwrights have known it. The poets only have persistently blinked the fact, and tried to divert attention to primroses and sunsets. But they fool no one. Not only is man an egoist; woman is hardly less culpable. And if any one objects to the indictment the evidence has been collected and is at hand. It has been supplied by Arthur Ponsonby, who in his leisure moments is a member of the British Parliament.

Mr. Ponsonby is the collector and editor of an anthology which is the most amazing exhibition of man's vanity ever assembled and placed before the public. Under the title of "English Diaries" the editor prints copious extracts from the diaries of some 120 English men and English women who, during the period between the reign of King Edward VI. and the present day, not only used ink and paper to record their innermost thoughts, but also made it very clear in so doing that they wished the world to know them. Even Pepys, the rankest offender among them all, is not to receive leniency on the ground that he made his revelations in shorthand. It was his ardent hope that some day his cipher would be elucidated, else he would have destroyed the manuscript.

The mention of Samuel Pepys will indicate to the reader that not everything within the 400 and more pages of Arthur Ponsonby's compilation is new. Obviously it could not all be new. English diaries have long been the interest of scholars, as they have been one of the most useful of sources to the historian and the biographer, and many of the most notable English diaries have appeared in print, so that even the casual reader is more or less familiar with the general subject and could give offhand a list of the most notable names. But to the diligent M. P. must go the credit for the initial assemblage under covers of known and unknown diarists—monarchs, men and women of letters, preachers, soldiers, spinsters with nothing else to occupy their time, and even a linen draper.

The monarchs are King Edward VI. and Queen Victoria. Among the men and women of letters, besides Pepys—who becomes one of them through his diary!—are Henry Fielding, Fanny Burney and Lord Byron, to mention no others. There are preachers as far apart as John Wesley and Bishop Wilberforce. The linen draper—he was a draper's assistant—is so lost to fame that only his last name of Strother has survived. But it was no less an institution than the British Museum that housed the manuscript of his precious chronicle, which was begun in 1784 and kept up for a year, during which time the youthful tradesman-author penned many such shrewd observations upon life as this upon the value of temperance:

> The little liquor that I drank got into my head and quite metamorphosed me to be dull and strangely stupid.

On the other hand, complete as is the list of diaries and diarists, Ponsonby has been guilty of two or three unfortunate omissions. In a review of this book by the late Maurice Hewlett in The London Mercury, perhaps the last review written by that eminent critic before his death, attention is called to Ponsonby's omission of Ann Clifford, Swift and the journal of Wordsworth's sister Dorothy. The editor of "English Diaries" may have had his reasons, but they are not made clear. In any case, Hewlett's charge is not quite fair, for it is never fair to take an anthologist too greatly to task over the sin of omission—the work of commission is so appallingly vast, how vast only one who has ever undertaken such a work knows. It may be that Ponsonby has only broken ground and that other editors will follow him in this field with collections that are more nearly complete. They can do nothing more authoritative and on the whole more interesting. Ponsonby, either through desire to spare the dead or from fear of offending the living, refrains from printing the more intimate passages in which, as he states in his scholarly introduction, many of the diaries abound. In consequence, the book loses a piquancy it would otherwise have possessed. But he has left enough of the inward man in each case to provide a mine of material for the psychologist, the novelist and the historian; his book is a gallery of diversified portraits; it is a pageant in ermine and silks, in gold braid and mufti, and if it is a sermon on the vanity of life, a living satire on man's egotism, it is also a quiet reminder that such egoism does not utterly destroy man's capacity for noblemess.

The method which Ponsonby adopted for his book is the chronological. As he states in his introduction, every one of a dozen other methods had its virtues and its appeal; and it is evident that he was loath, especially, to reject the group system. As editor his choice was doubtless wisely made. But there is no inherent reason why the reader should follow Ponsonby. Indeed, he will find his enjoyment greatly enhanced by abandoning it. John Evelyn, for example, is too like his friend and contemporary, Pepys, to furnish the maximum pleasure when the two are read in sequence; moreover, Evelyn suffers in comparison with his sharper-eyed and sharper-tongued rival. It is true, of course, that the two diarists moved in different social spheres, so that when they view the same person or talk of the same event each sees it from a different angle. Also, Evelyn covered a much longer period than did Pepys. Their comments upon each other are typical, fully as interesting in their revelation of self as they are as sketches. Pepys is caustically critical of Evelyn's plays and poetry; Evelyn eulogizes Pepys's house and gardens.

> He [says Pepys] read to me very much also of his discourse he hath been many years and now is about, about Gardenage; which will be a most noble and pleasant piece. He read me a part of a play or two of his making, very good, but not as he conceits them, I think, to be. In fine, a most excellent person he is, and must be allowed a little for a little conceitedness. He read me through, with too much gusto, some little poems of his own that were not transcendant, yet one or two very pretty epigrams.

And this is what Evelyn has to say of Pepys:

> I went to visit Mr. Pepys at Clapham where he has a very noble and wonderfully well furnished house, especially with Italian and Chinese curiosities, the offices and gardens well accommodated for pleasure and retirement.

Samuel Pepys.

The first diary of the collection is that of the boy King, Edward VI., who died at the age of 16 years. Ponsonby agrees with most authorities that the diary is authentic, as the manuscript is beyond doubt in Edward's handwriting. It is difficult to believe from the tone of some of the entries that they were made by one so young, yet such criticism should not outweigh the evidence of the handwriting, for what American of this century would pretend to be able to grasp imaginatively the mental reactions of a boy who is suddenly called to rule a great country, carry on two foreign wars, suppress rebellion at home, and take a decided stand on religious matters vitally affecting the realm? However, granting that the King made the entries with his own hand, it is also more than likely that the diary was written under the eye of his councillors, for it is a document, a record, rather than personal diary, and is in no wise comparable to that intimate journal made by the Queen who ruled four centuries later.

Queen Victoria's is the most extensive diary in English; it was begun when she was 13 years of age and was kept up to the end of her life. Victoria lived to be 82, and the journal in which she made an entry almost daily runs to over 100 volumes in the manuscript. If Edward VI., in his diary, seems stilted and precise for a boy, it is to be remembered that the tutor of the Prince was none other than the scholar Roger Ascham. The nineteenth century Queen was brought up under no such tutelage. On the other hand, though Victoria's journal is naïve, even to the point of boredom, she is, however natural, often ungrammatical, sometimes wistful, and the diary is indicative of an inquiring mind. She is as meticulous in the manner of her entries as she was punctilious in seeing to it that she did not neglect to make them. This is a record made in 1832:

> At about ½ past 9 we went on board the dear little "Emerald." We were to be towed up to Plymouth. Mamm and Lehzen were very sick, and I was sick for about ¼ an hour. I had a hot mutton chop on deck.

Although in Victoria's day it was considered "nice" for a girl to progress, that one particular custom ran counter to royalty, or, rather, royalty ran counter to custom, for this girl, being Queen Regnant, was obliged to make the marriage offer to her princeling cousin, Albert. No novelist would dare give so

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"The thirst for the spiritual pursued in the dark nooks of soda fountains.

Reading, British and American

Books Bought versus Books Borrowed

By P. W. WILSON

AMONG the unfamiliarities which assail the stranger from London who arrives in New York in the absence at once of the visible beer shops d the visible book shops amid ich, in the old country, he has n reared. While literature is yet under prohibition, or even equivalent censorship, the supply literature, as of liquor, is detly concealed from the common , most books being sold as rug called "Tarzan," one dose which costs 70 cents. The t for the spiritual as for spirituous has to be pursued the dark nooks of soda foun- where the tired business man, ppointed over the cold inno- e of a strawberry sundae, fur- ly purchases that Oriental cock- called "The Sheik" or even e Grey. Other booklegging lurk unished among "the notions." ich modernism has introduced the bargain basement; or in -cent stores, where a friend of e picked up what he thought "Omar Khayyam" and found, re he had finished the poem, t he was perusing the constitu- of the League of Nations, which ppened to be uniform with the ion. Poetry is thus, as it were, nshined, and any one, who has a nd in the business, can obtain poetry he wants.

England no one blushes to buy ook. There are book shops by thousand, doing business in d daylight. Many of these book e are homely yet inviting booths re the classics—for instance, t's novels—are sold by the mil- , the prewar price being 6d or 12 a copy, bound in paper. You say that these novels harbor and are a godsend to the oc- , but they will remain, none less, among one's happiest mem- . Americans who visit Britain that the book stalls on rail- are usually conducted by t firm of H. W. Smith. Some ago Smith's lost the contract the North Western stations and ted therefore book parlors, de- d with charm, at which you obtain the latest magazines and nes at all prices. The success ese stores shows that the Brit- do still read. Indeed, amazing h it may seem, the war boosted , which were sold at famine . It was not merely that the of production mounted sky . Production itself was restrict- And the common people made r that they could not live by e alone, but needed a written that would feed the mind. bought anything in print, ever it was, and they devoured he publishers cleared out stocks had lain dormant for decades, not since the renascence has been in literature, if literature n be called, such a resurrection e dead. There are popular tores in Britain today which ttle if anything except rational- Socialist and even Bolshevist ks. It is to such publications, d, that the Labor Party owes tality.

the United States, the book when you find it, is a formi- affair. Where the English eller tempts his customers by ndant display of the cheapest and reserves expensive vol- der special orders, the window American bookseller seems sometimes to be especially designed to warn off all that immense mass of professors, teachers, journalists and ministers, whose brains are as active as their purses are slender. For months I was under the impression that unless I was prepared to spend $5 or $10, it was useless for me to penetrate one of these palaces of print, the façades of which are so ominously resplendent with unattainable leather and tooled gold. When finally I did take the plunge, I found within a courteous welcome and many books at what I may call luncheon prices. But even today, it costs me a distinct effort of will to dare my fate and my finances in the gorgeous grottoes of belles-lettres on whose portals seem to be inscribed, "Abandon dollars, ye who enter here."

The comment on all this may be that the United States depends more than Britain on the public library. Had it not been for Andrew Carnegie Britain would have had, even today, few such libraries, and there were many in our towns who regretted the benefactions which, like bathtubs in the cottages of the worker, only increase the local taxes. Even the British Museum is reserved directly for selected readers, and London, as London, has thus no public library. In the United States, with her Declaration of Independence, all men are born equal and must have the same chance of that much study which is a weariness of the flesh. But in England, the assumption is that the masses are below the classes and he who would enter the kingdom of knowledge must take it by force. The books read in England have cost the reader something. Books are not offered as a gift and a right. They must be conquered as an empire.

But when conquered they are one's own. They do not have to be returned in a fortnight. They are friends, firmly established by the fireside. As a boy, I was given a bookshelf—mine for life—and, in earliest years, I began to fill it. That bookshelf was the nucleus of whatever little library I now possess. To value books, to choose them, to keep them, was thus a part of one's training. It was not the latest book that mattered, but the book that had best stood the test of time. Just as Napoleon left his letters unopened for a fortnight and then found that they had answered themselves, so did one learn not to worry about any intellectual whim until it is ten years old. By this rule, it is wonderful from what reading one is saved. Let others do the selection and then you can yourself enjoy the survivals.

In the use of books there is thus a clear distinction to be drawn between the British and the American method. In the United States books are not so much bought and sold as organized. Every one can read any author, except Darwin, at any time. Instead of the Index Expurgatorius we have the card index, where you can find old Gibbon whenever you want him. The most individualist country in the world has thus adopted a pûre communism of the mind. But it is still a question whether institutional literature is any more personal than institutional religion. Just as men build great churches who would not think of saying their prayers, so do they found libraries where a single sonnet would only yield a yawn. A library may be merely a civic ornament, built like those universities where the towers are as lofty as the salaries of professors are low. Rome had great buildings. But amid the grandeur that was Rome, three-quarters of the people were slaves, and only too numerous are the libraries which glorify illiteracy.

That England is undereducated has long been obvious. But undereducation does at least mean that the people or some of them still yearn for more. You see the poor clerk at his midday lunch poring over Haeckel. You see a girl, unpainted and indeed unconscious of herself, because she is deep in Dickens. In H. G. Wells there is revealed this "polytechnic mind." It is education, unaided by the State, an individual quest, not without pathos, sometimes humorous, but inspired none the less by a certain heroism. One day, of course, Britain will have bathtubs for all and colleges and high schools, and there will be more sculpture outside her libraries. Reading will be no longer a hunt for food but a diet. One wonders whether the zest will be as keen.

It may be that Americans are overeducated. So much is done for the mind that the mind sometimes lacks the stumulus to do things for itself. Because there are such splendid libraries, people think that only in libraries can books be read. Because there are such impressive universities, they conclude that only in universities can life be studied. The soul, like the body, must only be clothed with machine-made goods. My own academic course was three years and the rest has been experience. But constantly I come across men and women who take three or four years at this college and two or three years at that college, and even then do not consider that their training is complete. They live in the academic nest till they are nearing the thirties instead of testing their wings and acquiring that initiative which birds call flying. Like the Scribes, they are under authority, whereas the world needs men and women who, while respecting authority, are themselves their own sovereign. Not a day passes without somebody telling me I should read some book. Seldom, if ever, do I read that book, for a choice of reading is man's final prerogative, and there is no "ought" about it.

In the United States it is obvious that dependence on the public library is only a phase. As homes are settled and hotels relegated to their proper place in the scheme of things, the domestic bookshelf will again assert its fascination. The happiness of owning instead of borrowing books will be realized again. The pleasure of marking books and knowing where a passage is to be found on a page will be appreciated. People on their piazzas will find that it is much less trouble to travel with Milton through heaven and hell than to travel with Henry Ford through Pennsylvania and Delaware. And they who must travel in trains will depend less on newspapers and magazines and more on continuous reading. One leaves the Grand Central jaded; one picks up Dumas; and, lo! one has reached Boston, refreshed, transported, and without one jolt. It is a most grateful magic that thus supplies the dream within the day. One looks at all the paraphernalia of a Pullman, one listens to that eloquence which extols Western Union messages for all points, one welcomes the first call for luncheon and the last call for dinner; and all is clothed in a golden haze of the imagination—no longer the colored porter but d'Artagnan, while Athos, Porthos and Aramis gravely bisect the various tickets, however these are to be explained. Yet the other day I met a man who travels 10,000 miles a month and thinks that Douglas Fairbanks wrote "The Three Musketeers."

Leacock Parodies the Dramatists

OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS. By Stephen Leacock. 288 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

OVER the Footlights" is as delicious a bit of intelligent nonsense and foolish thoughtfulness as has yet delighted those who love to laugh. Yet it is trite to expatiate upon the tickling qualities of Stephen Leacock's funniness, for whole dictionaries of admiring adjectives and enthusiastic epithets have already been exhausted in characterizing his previous works.

The theatre is the latest field of action for Leacock's wealth of thoughtful wit and pregnant humor. In about a dozen sketches he has succeeded in laying bare the very core of as many dramatic types. Leacock's method is that of the caricature. He is well acquainted with every phase of the material at hand, whether it be some one dramatic element or an entire "school," or a stage property, or the temper of an audience; and through the enjoyable accessory of his strikingly directed emphasis, he draws the one outstanding characteristic of his subject well into the foreground. Yet it is understatement to regard Leacock purely as a funmaker. The often veiled satire of his nonsense reveals a sound philosophy. He is a keen critic who, like Lewis Carroll, wraps his deeper meaning in a mantle of mirth.

In the volume at hand, Leacock does not write around his subject; rather does he write directly through it. He constructs entire plays — stage directions, dialogue and all: after which he presents them, inclusive of printed programs and between-the-act behavior. And the result is that he achieves actual dramatic criticism, just as accurate and more convincing than many a more serious study of the stage.

Consider, for example, how Leacock "does" Ibsen, in a drama entitled "The Sub-Contractor." Here is the beginning:

> Scene: A room in Slump's house. (There are flowers on the table.)
>
> Slump: What beautiful flowers.
>
> Vamp: Yes, they are fresh this morning.
>
> (Slump and Vamp speak one after the other in short turns, like sawing wood with a crosscut saw. But there is no need to indicate which is speaking. It doesn't matter.)
>
> Are they, indeed?
> Yes, they are.
> How sweet they smell.
> Yes, don't they?
> I like flowers.
> So do I. I think they smell so beautiful.
> It's a beautiful morning.
> Yes, the Spring will soon be here, &c.

And here is the moment of climax:

> Vamp: What is he doing now?
>
> Dump: I think he is eating dynamite.
>
> Vamp: Will it hurt him?
>
> Dump: Yes, presently.
>
> Vamp: In what particular way?
>
> Dump: After the warmth of his body warms it he will explode.
>
> Vamp: How curious. How warm will it have to be?
>
> Dump: About 90 degrees . . . he will explode in about twelve minutes.
>
> Vamp: Is it wise to stay near him?
>
> Dump: No, it is highly imprudent. We had better go. . . .
>
> The curtain falls, leaving, as usual, after an Ibsen play, a profound problem stated but not solved.

Another of these fetching plays of foreign local color is "Damned Souls" (a bright little tragedy of Russian home life, written with a little assistance by Maxim Gherkin, Shootitoff, Dustanashe] and a few men like that), in which the arch-villain is Pravda (aged 80); an immoral woman."

Further among the dramatic types presented, there figures a truly splendid cartoon of the heart throbs of yesteryear—"Cast Up by the Sea; a Seacoast Melodrama (as thrown up for 30 cents), Period, 1880"; and "The Soul Call, an Up-to-Date Piffle Play." This latter is a problem play, and the problem is marriage. "Let it be noted that marriage, which used to be a sacrament, became presently a contract, and is now a problem." Next comes the silent drama, where Leacock treats his reader to a supersusual "movie," the verbal visualization of which is a thing of art. Nor does Professor Leacock neglect the drama as it functions ex cathedra. "Oroastus," a Greek tragedy by Diplodocus, is put on, as presented in our colleges. The dialogue here is worthy of the classics:

> Chorus: Oh, how unhappy is this now-standing-before-us King! . . .
>
> Herald: Your palace, O King, has on the one hand been destroyed by fire and your crown, which in and of itself for the most part signified your kingship, has on the other hand been stolen. . . .

The major section of the book is followed by a dozen typical Leacock essays, on various subjects of equal charm—radio, golf, bass-fishing, the murdered landlord, prohibition. . . . The volume maintains a lofty level of laughability that allows the high spots to be chosen at random.

Yet the individual element of Leacock's humor lies in his homely handling of the commonplace. He seeks neither novel situation nor outlandish developments. The incidents he describes might—and probably do—happen to any one of us. On entering a cinema theatre, for instance:

> Now through these doors and down this corridor, and through these swinging doors again, and into the dark. What a vast place it is. Dear me, it's absolutely empty! Empty? Oh, no, they are all there, but you don't see them yet, seated silent in the dark like toads under leaves. Excuse me, sir, I'm afraid I stepped on your foot. I beg your pardon, madam, I didn't see the little girl.

Leacock is unconventional enough to be usual, and to voice opinions that almost every one else keeps silent for fear of what the other fellow may think. And for all their fun they reveal more than a modicum of universal truth. In speaking of borrowed money that fails to get returned:

> I know that all my life I shall remember that Todd owes me a dollar. . . . I don't know how it is with other people, but if any man borrows a dollar from me I carry the recollection of it to the grave.

The gift of thus reflecting the thoughts of Everyman through the person of himself embodies the essential of Leacock's truly valuable observations.

Ballads and Legends of Pennsylvania's Black Forest

Minstrels and Old English Songs Lingering Still Among the "Hill Hawks"

"The dark-eyed girls with their raven hair whirling partners in a square dance."

She was pinched and pulled, she said,
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream bowl, duly set.

Thus done the tales, to bed they
creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled
asleep. —Milton, "L'Allegro."

By ALIDA SIMS MALKUS

THE minnesinger and the jongleur of medieval days have long since faded into history, but echoes of their singing have carried on down to our own time and our own land. In the Alleghany Mountains, in Central and Northern Pennsylvania, within half a day of New York City, there are still ballad singers whose chief business it is to sing and who have a store of song and story. Their passing will leave no successors, most likely, to take up their lyres, yet until the mountain folk, who live so strangely remote, have been quite absorbed into the life of the valleys, these ballads will be sung, these stories recited by them around their evening fires. These folk are the "hill hawks" of Pennsylvania, who still believe in witchcraft and who flee, many of them, at the approach of a stranger.

Songs of old England and of France; legend of pioneer days, of the settling and conquest of the land, of wars; Indian lore, and the rich poetry of the aboriginal dweller in Penn's woods—all of this literary treasure trove which has been preserved and developed for 200 years is still to be found in these American mountains. And although the love of music and song persists in the younger generation of mountain folk, there are few of the ballad singers left.

Back of this survival of old English lyrics and Old World tradition there is a reason and a story. The story has already been given: how the Colonial forebears of these mountain people, coming from England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, settled in the virgin forest. Aristocrats, blue-bloods, they were, most of them, and splendid stock all of them. They imparted the look of their native lands to this country which they were making their own. Remaining here, they preserved through isolation much of the customs, the beliefs, the speech of their native countries intact, while the new frontier existence was recorded in new songs, spics of pioneer Colonial life.

Frontier living was hard and crude. In a generation or two these immigrants upon the mountain tops naturally reverted somewhat to the simplicity of an earlier era in their racial history; to medieval superstition and, to quote Maurice Hewlett, to "that naked language (Malory's) as naked as the Bible, but as vivid and as beautiful."

To quote Hewlett further, for applied to no people could his words have been more apt: "Romance looked at life with new eyes and saw everything isolated, startling, strange." Therefore, he concludes, "Folk poets may have relied upon fact because to them it was the most momentous thing in life."

The happy out-of-door life of a vigorous people seems always to find vivid voice in song and ballad, in legend and lilt. And always there is virility, color, history, epic quality of a rude, jocund, Beowulfian nature in such songs. No mere languorous love theme, no ephemeral favorite of the footlights, records the life and thoughts, the history of pioneer days.

There are old tales and legends colored with the hue of Europe's Black Forest, of glens in the Emerald Isle, shot with the whimsicalities of the land of purple heather. Old English folk songs can be more readily heard here than in England. Songs to which the modern English country folk are strangers have been kept alive by these colonists who carried their heritage over the seas.

To the music of the "violin," the guitar, the dulcimer and the banjo these mountain songs are sung, and until just recently the musicians appeared at every merrymaking, weddings, "vendues," often even funerals, for in the gayer-hearted communities there was usually a dance following the wake.

And the life, the boisterous and romantic color of these lumber camp and sawmill dances is repeated, but with greater dignity and ceremoniousness, at the mountain dances; flambeaux flaring around portable pine platform and upon the musicians sitting at one end; the giant pine, dark-tiered, enclosing the stage more majestically than any jewel-bedecked Metropolitan, and the dark-eyed girls with their raven hair, whirling partners in a square dance to the beat of the groundhog drum.

Until a few years ago, and sometimes even yet, the musicians traveled about from place to place with their platforms; and between the dances the fiddlers would sing ballads of early days and recite legends that cast some light on the origin of these dark types of mixed blood, these rose and ivory-skinned women, whose beauty is strange and different and one might say un-American until he came to a realization that it is wholly American and much of it Indian.

He who is familiar with his Percy's "Reliques" would recognise air after air, verse after verse, of the mountain songs. Sometimes there is not a variation from the original as it was sung in medieval England and recorded by Percy, Pepys and others, and again there are adaptations of a local color. Where, for instance, "Barbara Allen" begins, "In Scarlet Towne, Where I Was Born," the New World version runs, "In Reading Town When I Was Young."

Others, like "The Leather Bottell," Clarence Walton's most popular piece, which it is said dates from the sixteenth century, and "The Gypsy's Warning," are sung just as they were written probably. There is a reply to "The Gypsy's Warning," the origin of which is unknown, but which is probably of Colonial composition.

There is a paraphrase of Hiawatha's wooing which is almost undoubtedly founded on Christopher Marlowe's "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love." The song was translated from English into Ojibway, and then again rendered into English. It was sung by Chibiabus, an Indian singer, at the place where Longfellow wrote "Hiawatha."

Here is a Seneca version, sung as early as 1750, that still survives among the mountain folk:

Then come with me, in my little
canoe,
While the sea is calm and the sky
is blue;
For should we linger another day,
Storms may arise and love decay!
Then come with me and be my
love!
For thee, the jungle depths I'll
rove,
I'll gather the honeycomb bright
as gold,
And chase the elk to his secret
fold.

Like a modernized version of Pepys's "Baffled Knight" is "Katie Maury." "Lord Lovel" and "Lord Thomas" are typical of early traditional English ballads. For instance:

Lord Thomas was a bold forester,
And the keeper of all the King's
deer,
Fair Eleanor she was a gay lady,
And Lord Thomas he loved her
dear.

"Come riddle, come riddle, dear
mother," says he,
"Come riddle us both as one.
Had I better marry fair Eleanor,
Or bring the brown girl home?"

And so on for seventeen stanzas. Palgrave's collection gives in the vernacular of a century earlier another version of the same poem in thirty stanzas.

"The Braes o' Balquhither" was sung at the time of the Revolution. One stanza runs:

Let us go, lassie, to the braes o'
Balquhither,
Where the bloe-berries grow 'mong
bonny hieland heather.
Where the doe and the roe, lightly
bounding together,
Sport the long Summer day on the
braes o' Balquhither.

It was a gentle and cultivated taste that kept alive these old strains in the primeval wilderness of Pennsylvania. But as the second and third generations rose up to wrestle with the land the new balladry of brawn and brain, of red bear, sleek panther, lobo wolf, great moose and elk, of the Revolution, logging days, echoes from the outside world, found voice.

They were natural poets, these bearded bards of the long Winter nights, creating a literature to celebrate the stirring deeds of their fathers and the glorious and thrilling period in which they themselves lived. More than one hundred and sixty ballads of their singing have been collected and recorded by Colonel Henry W. Shoemaker, who has preserved them in a volume now on the press.

The most fruitful field of ballads of Colonial and pioneer life is in the Black Forest of North Central Pennsylvania, an area of superb timber at least eighty miles square, where in their rough camps lumber that was building up a new civilisation was being cut. Most of the following lyrics, typical of this region, are copied through Colonel Shoemaker's courtesy.

THE JAM AT GERRY'S ROCK

Come, all you bold shanty boys,
And list while I relate
Concerning a young shanty boy
And his untimely fate;
Concerning a young riverman,
So manly, true and brave—
'Twas on the jam at Gerry's Rock
He met a watery grave.

They had not rolled off many logs
When they heard his clear voice
say:
"I'd have you boys be on your
guard,
For the jam will soon give way."
These words were scarcely spoken
When the mass did break and
go,
And it carried off those six brave
youths,
And their foreman, Jack Monroe.

This song of the dances was sung in Clearfield, Cameron and Potter Counties:

THE LUSHBAUGH GIRLS

Oh, Lushbaugh girls, are you coming out tonight?
Coming out tonight, coming out tonight?
Oh, Lushbaugh girls, are you coming out tonight,
To dance by the light of the moon?

I danced with the girl with a hole in her stocking,
A hole in her stocking, a hole in her stocking—
I danced with the girl with a hole in her stocking,
And her heel kept rocking, her heel kept rocking!
She was the prettiest girl in the room.

"The Logger's Boast" is full of the spirit of the pioneers, and one may fancy a deep-chested, hairy-throated minstrel booming forth its stanzas from his firelit inglenook.

The music of our burnished axe
shall make the woods resound,
And many a lofty ancient pine will
tumble to the ground;
At night, ho! round our good
camp-fire we will sing while
rude winds blow;
O we'll range the wild woods over,
while a-lumbering we go;
And a-lumbering we'll go, a-lumbering we'll go.

And when upon the long-hid sun
the white pines disappear,
We will cut the other forest trees
and sow whereon we clear;
Our grain shall wave o'er valleys
rich, our herds bedot the hills,
When our feet no more are hurried on to tend the driving
mills.
Then no more a-lumbering go, do
no more a-lumbering go,
When our feet no more are hurried on to tend the driving
mills.

(Continued on Page 25)

Now the "Outline of Literature"

John Drinkwater in a Difficult New Part

A Review by
RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE OUTLINE OF LITERATURE. Edited by John Drinkwater. In three volumes. Volume I., with about 500 illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

HOWEVER sympathetic one may feel toward the well-intentioned aims of the projectors of this "Outline of Literature," the chances of its accomplishing them will to some of us seem doubtful. The usefulness of such a book depends on how far it can be made attractive for the rather inert audience at which it aims. Obviously, of course, it is not meant for "the learned," or even for the natural lover of literature, in whom instinctive taste takes the place of learning, though these, of course, will best understand its scope and appreciate some of its details. For these it will be, in the main, too rudimentary, and for those whom it is necessary to "teach," for example, the Greek mythology, it may well be an introduction to a world in which they are incapable or undesirous of entering. The horse is brought to the water, but can Mr. John Drinkwater ever make it drink? Whether or not, the attempt is praiseworthy, and such success as it may achieve will be in the direction of that general culture in which a proletariat nurtured all too much on technical science and all too little on that spiritual and humane provender which "maketh a full man," stands woefully and even dangerously in need. To make this class, which is rapidly assuming a social importance, for which it is not ready, better acquainted with "the best that has been thought and said in the world," is an enterprise which it is to the most serious interests of society for us to encourage. Of all forms of knowledge that of history and literature is the most necessary just now, illustrating, as such knowledge does, that continuity of human development of which it never was more important that we should be aware, when our various social phenomena are studied in a purely "contemporary," half-baked fashion. To bring home this continuity as it is demonstrated in literature is the aim that Mr. Drinkwater has set before him in this "Outline." That aim is thus admirably stated in his "Introduction":

> A great artist once said that for him at the heart of the religious idea was a sense of continuity; that, indeed, this sense amounted to religion. I was standing with him at the time looking over an English landscape, and on the hillside opposite to us was an old track which generations ago had been used by ponies to carry up the daily supply of bread to the little village on the hilltop. The years have changed all that. Modern methods of transport have superseded the ponies, but the track on the hillside can still be seen, a reminder of the unbroken continuity of life through the centuries. And one felt the force of the artist's words. It is just as when, perhaps, you are walking about London and thinking of Shakespeare's London your mind seems to be in some city not only of three hundred years ago, but a thousand miles away, and then suddenly you realise that his London was this London and there has been no violent change, but only a gradual shifting and growth and redistribution. And again in the thought is the very root of the religious idea. And that is the answer to any one who may question the use of such a thing as the history of literature, as apart from the direct study of literature itself. This present "Outline" has two functions. First, it is to give the reader something like a representative summary of the work itself that has been accomplished by the great creative minds of the world in letters. But, also, it aims at placing that work in historical perspective, showing that from the beginning until now, from the nameless poets of the earliest Scriptures down to Robert Browning, the spirit of man when most profoundly moved to creative utterance in literature has been, and is, through countless manifestations, one and abiding. It aims not only at suggesting to the reader the particular quality of Homer and Shakespeare and Goethe and Thomas Hardy, but also at showing how those men and their peers, for all their new splendors of voice and gesture, are still the inheritors of an unbroken succession.

One may perhaps be permitted to smile when Mr. Drinkwater goes on to say, by way of illustration, that a knowledge of the vast background of literature will enable us the better to appreciate such contemporaries as Mr. Ralph Hodgson, Mr. W. H. Davies and Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie, "Georgian" associates of his, who, however admirable they are, can hardly be taken seriously as a sort of "flos aevorum," in the sense that some one declared an appreciation of Milton one of the finest rewards of scholarship. There is, however, no harm, of course, in Mr. Drinkwater thus giving his friends a "leg up," so to say, among the immortals, though one rather wishes that, later on in the text, he had not compared the mighty laughter of Aristophanes to the maidenly giggles of Sir James Barrie! This seems, at least, a little disproportionate. But such comparisons, of course, come of the editor's well-intentioned attempt to make an unfamiliar greatness realisable to his uninstructed audience by reference to an amiable mediocrity with whom it is familiar. Yet if such modern instances had to be adduced, Mr. Bernard Shaw would certainly have been better, dwarfed though he would be in such huge companionship. Again, that account of the Greek mythology to which reference has been made reads a little as if it had been written for children, and occasionally, indeed, written down to an audience of uncertain taste, whom it is necessary to keep from ignorant "sniggering" at the Olympian gods and their doings. This necessity in one or two cases leads to positive lapses in taste which one can hardly excuse. Take, for example, the beautiful story of Echo and Narcissus. The "limitation of her [Echo's] speech," we are told, "greatly troubled her when she wished to attract the love of the beautiful youth Narcissus, who, being a confirmed bachelor, repelled her advances as he had those of many other nymphs." "Being a confirmed bachelor" is really rather terrible, and the same offense is repeated in the description attached to the reproduction of Mr. Waterhouse's charming picture illustrating the myth: "Her inability to do more than echo his words, and his unwillingness to quit a single life, led to tragedy for both." Again, "The Road to Ruin" is scarcely happy as a heading for the myth of Phaeton. One cannot but recall that reverent sentence with which Keats closed his preface to "Endymion": "I hope I have not in too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece, and dulled its brightness." Again, in speaking generally of Greek myth, the writer very truly says, "It is clear, then, that the old Greek myths are no esoteric study. So far from being 'highbrow' (detestable word!) they are elemental to our language and literature." If the writer feels that "highbrow" is a "detestable word," why does he give it further currency by using it himself? There were plenty of other applicable words. This may seem a trifle, but in a book indirectly planned, I presume, to discipline the vulgarity of the times, such trifles are important. And, à propos the explanations attached to the numerous well-selected pictures which make one of the most admirable features of the "Outline," why beneath a portrait of François Villon do we find him deplorably described as "The fifteenth-century burglar who lives as a poet;" as though he was a burglar by profession and a poet by accident? Nor even in the text is it made clear that Villon, as a poor student of the University of Paris, stole ducks from the castle moat, and played thievish tricks on vintners, and was driven to more serious crimes because he "was a poor poet, with a poet's wild heart, too easily "whirled into folly and vice." If, too, he was to be mentioned at all, and the notice of him is inadequate, rather than quote from Swinburne about him would it not have been better to quote an example of his own poetry, Rossetti's translation of his "Ballade of Dead Ladies," at least? It is only the quality of those blemishes that make them worth mentioning, and I would not for a moment imply that they are characteristic of the general treatment, which is for the most part dignified, and as adequate as can be expected within the limitations imposed by the scheme. The "Outline" is strongly conceived, with an imaginative historic grasp, and the filling in of its various parts is done with skill and spirit and, in the main, with sufficient fullness.

The nine chapters which compose this first volume of only 295 pages cover an astonishing extent of ground. Their titles will give the reader some idea of that extent: "The First Books of the World," "Homer," "The Story of the Bible," "The English Bible as Literature," "The Sacred Books of the East," "Greek Myth and the Poets," "Greece and Rome," "The Middle Ages," "The Renaissance." The chapters on Homer and the literature of Greece and Rome, particularly the section on Horace, all presumably by Mr. Drinkwater himself, are exceedingly well done, the illustrative quotations well chosen and as full as can be expected. One is glad to see Mr. Drinkwater using Lord Derby's somewhat neglected translation of Homer, and coupling with it William Morris's version of the "Odyssey," with the suggestion that these two translations together bring us as near to Homer as it is possible to come without a knowledge of Greek. Of course, he does not forget the Lang and Butcher prose version which is by many preferred to any of the verse translations. May one suggest that in a future edition some account of Hesiod be given? He is referred to, but the reader is given no idea of his significance, and in fact no particulars about him whatever. The scribes, too, should surely have found some place in the story. Apart from his importance as a pastoral poet, the "modernity" of his fifteenth idyll, in which the two Syracusan ladies, visiting Alexandria for the festival of Adonis, gossip together just as though they were fashionable women of our own day in New York or Paris, would have furnished a good example of that human "continuity" in literature on which Mr. Drinkwater lays stress. Lucian, too, is another writer very much to the purpose in that regard of whom no mention is made. His influence on Rabelais (of whom there is a good account), and later on Swift also gives him a further importance.

A large section of this first volume is devoted to the Bible, the valuable "Story of the Bible" being written by Dr. E. W. Barnes, Canon of Westminster, and the excellent chapter on "The English Bible as Literature," presumably by the editor; but valuable and indispensable as this section is, one is inclined to think that it occupies an excessive space, and might have been curtailed with out any diminution of its importance, and to the advantage of the sections on "The Middle Ages" and "The Renaissance," which are unduly compressed. In that on "The Middle Ages," the debt of medieval scholarship to Boethius should have had some recognition, and while other mythologies are dealt with, room should have been found for the Scandinavian mythology and the beautiful literature of the Eddas. The Irish mythology also might have been touched on. The section on "The Sacred Books of the East" is in the main satisfactory, but when, in reference to the Chinese philosopher Lao-tze, the statement is made that he "preached the Sermon on the Mount six centuries before Christ," would it not have been as well to let the reader see that earlier version for himself? However, an outline is an outline, and the editor had a difficult task before him in keeping that outline as clear and firm as possible without confusing it with detail which, while pertinent, he may well have considered not of the first importance. Therefore, one hesitates to make the friendliest criticism on a task so well conceived, and so admirably executed. And Mr. Drinkwater deserves our warm thanks for his undertaking, and the catholic appreciation of all good literature which gives authority to this "Outline," as it has already done to other pieces of criticism from his "judicious and appreciative pen." His non-comparative attitude between differing excellences is one which honorably distinguishes him from many partisan critics of the day, and makes him an admirable editor for such a work as this. For, as he says in his introduction:

> The comparison of one age's literature with that of another in point of merit is as little profitable as the comparison of one individual writer with another. The fine attitude toward art, as toward everything else, is to be grateful always for the good and beautiful thing when it comes, without grudging and without doctrinaire complaint that it is not something else. It does not help anybody to say that eighteenth century poetry is inferior to that of the seventeenth century, or that Fielding was a better novelist than Meredith. All these things alike are the great glories of a race, the one as honorably to be kept in memory as another.

In the House of the Muses are many mansions, and the reader may feel sure that in this "Outline"—of which there are two more volumes to come—none of these mansions will be neglected.

"The Council of the Gods."

John Flaxman's Drawing for the "Iliad."

"Andromache Fainting on the Wall."

John Flaxman's Drawing for the "Iliad."

J. M. Murry on the Poetry of Thomas Hardy

"Against a Challenge of Despair, Hardy Vindicates the Soul of Man"

A Review by
JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

COLLECTED POEMS OF THOMAS HARDY. (India paper edition.) London: Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.

IT seems to me that a month never passes without my taking down Thomas Hardy's poems to hunt for one which I vaguely remember. A mood rises out of the darkness within me; there is a sudden brushing by of the wings of a thought which returns whence it came; a regret, a foreboding, a sweetness takes hold of me: and this mood of mine, different for all its abiding sameness as the surface of a pond in changing lights and airs, is echoed, mirrored back, reverberated by some half-remembered poem of Hardy's. I take down the book and search till I find it.

Then, something more than a mere reverberation of my mood is vouchsafed; its essence is revealed to me. What might have seemed transitory is manifest as part of the substance—if not of things, of that which lies beyond and abides through them. I know, then, that it is no personal pain from which I seek release when I turn (as I turn again and again) to the "Poems of 1912-1913," that wistful and heart-devouring record of a visit to the scene of a long-lost love:

> Ignorant of what there is fitting here to see,
> The waked birds preen and the seals flop lazily.
> Soon you will have, Dear, to vanish from me
> For the stars close their shutters and the dawn whitens hazily.
> Trust me, I mind not, though life lowers
> The bringing me here. Nay, bring me here again!
> I am just the same as when
> Our days were a joy, and our path through flowers.

That, it seems to me, is life. Life, that is, as felt by a great spirit, seen by a brave vision; accepted and comprehended and mastered. There is no sadness any more, but only beauty and truth. This is what life is, if only we have the eyes to see, the souls to feel, the minds to know the limitations and the miracle of mortality. It is one more guarantee vouchsafed to us, to be added to the thousands with which the greatest artists have enriched humanity, that by its power to look calamity in the face and to subdue it, the human spirit touches the comfort of the mysterious reality which must elude the coward and the liar forever.

Scarcely a month ever passes but I turn, guided by some dim recollection, to some poem of Hardy's for a twofold assurance: that that which I feel has been felt by one greater and braver than I, and that this feeling, truly obeyed and truly expressed, is authenticated as part of some eternal truth of things by the beauty which descends upon it. In so far as it can do this, poetry is great. Hardy's poetry does this, and it is great poetry.

Then, at long intervals, comes the moment when opportunity and desire coincide, and I can settle myself to the three days' task of reading all Hardy's poems steadily through. As the years go on I am held more and more deeply spellbound by their procession. There was a time when I would gladly have seen fifty of them taken out of the book; now there is not one that I can afford to part with. Some few of them I know just as well as ever I knew, are poetic failures. The dozen "Satires of Circumstance," convince me hardly more now than when I read them first. But these things do not matter, for I am no longer concerned with the beauty and achievement of each single poem. It is to the spirit of a great man that I come to submit myself and to pay homage: I take up the "Collected Poems" now in order that I may approach a hero of humanity.

I am spellbound. Binding the earliest of the poems to the last I am aware of an imperishable thread of predestination. No matter how casual its occasion, each several poem has its place in the structure of enduring poetry which Hardy has built to be the everlasting mansion of his spirit. In no one of them can I find the faintest trace of the sneer or the lie: instead, everything is knit together by that spiritual honesty which alone can withstand the assault of time. And I rejoice to think that I was alive while many of these poems were being written, and I realise more keenly how precious was my privilege to have seen and spoken with the man who wrote them.

Only a few years ago it was the fashion to call Hardy "pessimistic." By now the fashion has passed, but the prejudice remains. Hardy (they say) is depressing: he is not inspiriting. Certainly, he is not, in his poems any more than in his novels, the man to give courage or delight to those who can derive it only from the specious promise of the happy ending. But courage of that sort is unworthy of a man either to take or to give. The courage worth having—in life and in the arts, as on the battlefield—is the courage which comes to those who have felt the fear and conquered it. This is the courage which Hardy has and which he kindles in ourselves. In reading his poetry we begin to realize once more that the highest virtue to which man can attain is to be true to his own experience—"nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice." This is the highest and most exacting of all loyalties, for it is a loyalty not to a person but to mankind. No glamour of friendship hangs about it; it is attended by no thrill of ecstatic sacrifice; it is simple in itself and infinitely hard to achieve. But when we discern it in a man's writing we respond to it, if we care for high things at all, as to no other victory of the spirit of man. It is a challenge and a trumpet call to our forgotten nobilities.

To some chosen spirits—and these alone can attain to it—this loyalty presents itself in the guise of a loyalty to their own secret selves. In them the familiar words of Shakespeare—

> To thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man—

have their deepest meaning and the best application. By being loyal to themselves these chosen ones are loyal to all men; by being true to themselves, they achieve a truth that is universal. Hardy is one of them and because he is his work has the monumental unity in variety which is the certain mark of immortality. Once we have come to know Hardy's work, to have the knowledge which enables us to trace through the things created the quality of the creating spirit, we begin to feel that there is not in the range of his poetry one poem in which he is not wholly present. All that we could discover in the most comprehensive study of his work we rediscover in the tiniest verse. So, for example, "The Oxen":

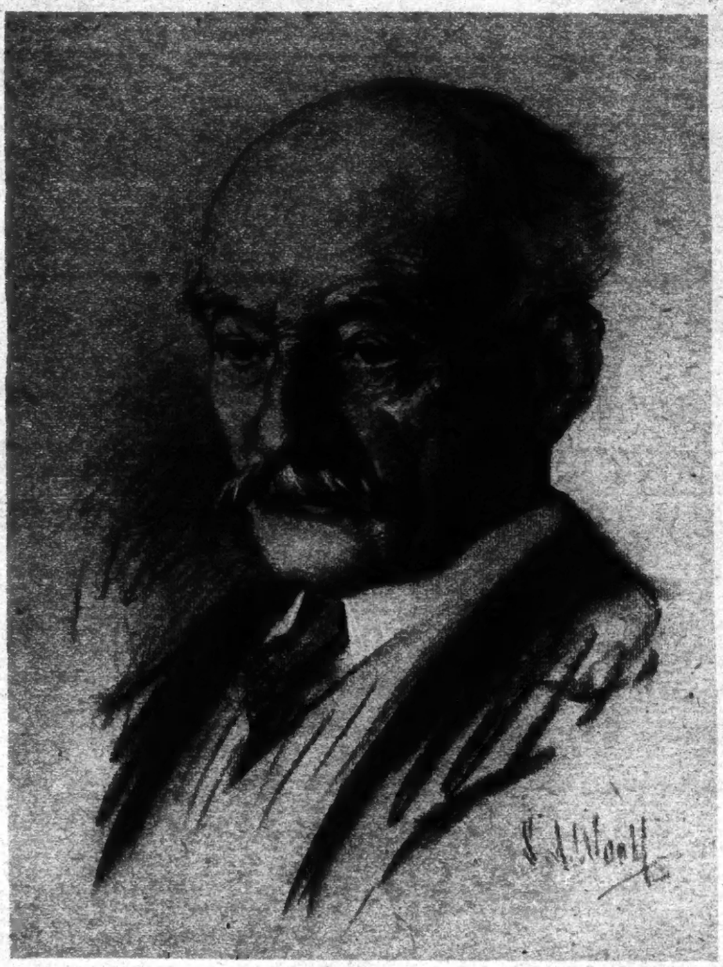
> Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock.
> "Now they are all on their knees,"
> An elder said as we sat in a flock
> By the embers in hearthside ease.
> We pictured the mild, meek creatures where
> They dwelt in their strawy pen,
> Nor did it occur to one of us there
> To doubt they were kneeling then.
>
> So fair a fancy few would weave
> In these years! Yet I feel
> If some one said on Christmas Eve
> "Come, see the oxen kneel
> In the lonely barton by yonder coomb
> Our childhood used to know,"
> I should go with him in the gloom
> Hoping it might be so.

And here, too, if we try to define the quality which irradiates this poem, we shall perhaps find no better or exacter word than loyalty—loyalty to human knowledge, to human disillusion and to human hope. And these are not three loyalties but one.

It is significant that in the song in "The Woodlanders" wherein Hardy turns back from the cold comfort of nature to the life of men, he should have the keyword on his lips:

> Since, then, no grace I find
> Taught me of trees,
> Turn I back to my kind
> Worthy as these . . .
> There now and then are found
> Life-loyalties.

One such life-loyalty is the inspiration of the first poem I have quoted. Hardy says, perhaps with even more truth than he knew, that he turned back to his own kind. In this essential matter, as in so many other more external, Hardy touches hands with Shakespeare. It has not been sufficiently pointed out, (perhaps because it has not been sufficiently understood) that in the dark period of his tragedies Shakespeare's way of escape was one and one alone. More and more he came to put the emphasis on loyalty. Though the whole universe is black—"irrecoverably dark, total eclipse"—the flame of human loyalty shines the more brightly in the surrounding darkness, until, by the devotion of Kent and Cordelia in "King Lear" and by the superb pageant of loyalties (of Eros, of Enobarbus, of Antony of Cleopatra, of Charmian) in "Antony and Cleopatra," the universe is lit as by a blaze of triumphant splendor. Less magnificently, but not less surely, Hardy turns to the same theme, compelled by the same inward necessity. Like Lear, like: the loyal to loyalty. In the same way as Shakespeare, against like challenge of despair, Hardy vindicates the soul of man. And this in the last resort, is the reason why he is beloved and revered as no English writer has been since Elizabethans.



Thomas Hardy.

Turn in the Tide of Faith

THE RETURNING TIDE OF FAITH. By Neville S. Talbot, D. D., M. C., Bishop of Pretoria. 222 pp. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. $2.

IN England, as in the United States, the Episcopal Church is much exercised by modernism. Theological pioneers have met together and views, scarcely distinguishable from those of Dr. Grant, are gravely and learnedly debated. "Reformed" as a compromise, the Church, as by law established, extends to all the dimensions—it is Broad and Low and High, especially High; and it is the High Church, as represented by Bishop Gore, which is today most eagerly restating the faith in terms of the twentieth century. Usually, such theology is for the scholar and ecclesiastic. But we have now from England a verdict intended expressly for the man in the street. "The Returning Tide of Faith," by the Bishop of Pretoria, is clearly a book to be reckoned with.

The Bishop is better known as Dr. Neville S. Talbot, who, as Assistant Chaplain General of the British armies, won the Military Cross. He has already written a brief but important volume on "Religion Behind the Front and After the War," in which he gave his impression of what the hell in Flanders meant to the souls of the young men who endured it. He comes, as his name implies, of an ancient and aristocratic family, one hundred per cent. "church," and his father, the venerable Bishop of Winchester, is today perhaps the most influential prelate in Britain. What Dr. Talbot gives us is thus typical of the apologetics which, to a past generation, were formulated in that famous book, "Lux Mundi," and have been continued since in the writings of the Christian Social Union over which Bishop Westcott (of Durham) presided.

The particular interest in these pages lies in the fact that their contents were first printed in the Johannesburg Rand Daily Mail. To the world and to history, Johannesburg and the Rand have seemed to be the very citadel of Mammon. Twenty years ago, it was for gold, not God, that a war was there fought. Yet even in Johannesburg, we now have a newspaper publishing a deep and reverent series of articles, which supply a profoundly philosophic basis for a reasonable person's faith in the mysteries of the Christian faith, like the Virgin Birth, the Atonement and the Church, as the Spiritual Body. Dr. Talbot is not a dogmatist, he thinks aloud, he does not dictate. Sometimes, he confesses that he is not quite sure. But the mere fact that in the Transvaal he should have won so wide a hearing for an inquiry so exacting, is significant of what is really happening in the minds of men. If the Fundamentalists are wise they will appreciate this book at its real value to their cause, even though it may not repeat all their beliefs in precisely their own terms. And the Modernists, on their side, will discover here the reasons why it is not possible, in a cavalier fashion, to empty the content of the Christian faith into the discard of forgotten superstitions.

A book, conceived in this spirit, may thus have, as it were, a value beyond itself. The division of religious forces, not only into organized sects but into diverse theological camps, each out of touch with the rest, involves a grave dissipation of assets which the world can ill afford to lose. It is teaching like Dr. Talbot's that furnishes a common path for the quest of truth.

New York a Gypsy Capital

Last Refuge of Civilization-Hunted Tziganes in Abandoned East Side Stores

"Two gypsy girls who had abandoned civilized garb for their own more beautiful one."

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

NEW YORK is not only in the way of being the largest city in the world; within its confines it houses more different kinds of people than any other city on the globe. Its Italian population is greater than the Italian population of Rome, the capital of Italy. Its Greek population is larger than the Greek population of Athens, the capital of Greece. Its Czechoslovak population is almost equal to the population of Prague, the capital of Czechoslovakia. The Jewish community of New York is the largest Jewish community in the world. In the last few years another nation has been attracted, or perhaps trapped, into living and dying in the City of New York. I am speaking of the gypsies.

Until two years ago the appearance of a gypsy anywhere within the city was a rarity. Children and grown-up people used to follow them on the streets and watch their every movement in awe and fear. Many times it required a policeman's intervention to past a long-earringed, heavily jeweled, gayly skirted, swarthy daughter of the Ganges across the street.

In those days the gypsies who hazarded themselves in New York in the daytime lived in tents on the outskirts of the city at night. People from all over the neighborhood in the suburbs of New York used to drive over and form a large circle around every gypsy encampment, and only the more courageous maidens, accompanied by their beaus, dared to enter the tent of the palm reader after carefully inspecting the flap of the tent adorned with a large, red-painted hand through which passed innumerable veins and lines done in different colors.

The very contrast in dress between the people in the tent and the outsiders was such that it inspired fear. All the old superstitions with which the people had been brought up to hold against the gypsies, against their children stealing and evil eyes, would make themselves manifest in the timidity with which the suburban youth, as well as the attracted city dwellers, would eye the wandering gypsies. But now the appearance of a gypsy camp outside of the City of New York is not the event that it used to be. The contrast in dress is almost gone, as far as the women are concerned, for American women now dress in colors as gay as the gypsies do. Indeed, the particular arrangement of gypsy colors has now become so fashionable that the vivid red patterns of their coarse calico is being imitated very successfully on the finest silks and chiffons. Sudden bits of red and bursts of yellow, splashes of green and blue, are now greatly affected by our best-dressed ladies. Long gypsy earrings, silver bracelets, heavy necklaces, complete more or less the illusion. The general tendency of the white woman seems to be to imitate as much and as closely as possible the garb of the gypsies.

A good deal of the old timidity seems to have disappeared with the approachement in dress between the city dweller and the wandering gypsy. On the other hand, the gypsies are becoming more soberly dressed from day to day. Those living within the city limits replace their colored garb with a more sober one, trying hard to be as little conspicuous as possible. * * * And still, the more the gypsy woman tries to look like her white sister the less she succeeds. Somehow and somewhere a bit of color, placed in a certain manner, in a certain place, immediately distinguishes her from the other.

There are hardly any tent gypsies now in and about the city. They live mostly in abandoned, empty stores on the lower east side, on the streets near Avenue C, all through the district from First Street to Ninth Street. Not all of them can boast of a longer residence than two years, and those who can, consider themselves like our Mayflower descendents. There are very dark gypsies who have come up from Brazil, coppersmiths and blacksmiths, and their wives basketmakers, typical types of the Spanish Gitano, who consider themselves so superior to all the other gypsies that they will not have anything to do with them.

There are Polish gypsies, much lighter than the others, with marked Slavic features and heavy bodies, the men still wearing their fur caps even in Summer, and the women covered with heavy shawls over their thousand-pleated skirts that reach below the ankles and drag on the ground. And although they are living door to door on Fourth Street with the Rumanian gypsies, happy-go-lucky musicians, who sit in front of their houses in the daytime and go out at night, with their violins and cymbalons, to play the coffee houses and lunchrooms of the neighborhood—although these Polish gypsies love to listen to the music made by the Rumanian gypsies, there is absolutely no social intercourse between them. It is only because of the common antipathy to the police of all the gypsies that the cops have not been called into the quarrels when an irate Polish gypsy mother discovers that her daughter is being courted by a no-account Rumanian or Hungarian gypsy.

At first it seemed that the people of the neighborhood were dissatisfied with the new element coming to live among them. But east side populations accustom themselves readily to changes, since their own habitat is not a very permanent one. Every day is moving day in that neighborhood. There were so many empty stores that the landlords were only too willing to rent them, and the gypsies were willing to pay high rent provided they did not have to live higher than the ground floor. In this the wandering gypsy has still maintained his old attitude toward houses. He would sooner deprive himself of food than live in any of the upper floors of a tenement house.

But no sooner have the men gone to work, the Brazilian coppersmith in the daytime and the Rumanian musician at night, than their wives issue forth into the street to ply their trade of fortune-telling and palm-reading with the superstitious women of their neighborhood. The Brazilian gypsy woman, whose knowledge of Spanish has made a smattering of Italian easier, launches forth into the Italian quarter, where she is immediately surrounded by Antoinette and Sylvia and begged to tell them their fortunes. For the Italian woman, no matter how long she has lived here, is still a firm believer in "La Vechia Religione," which is nothing else but all forms of sorcery and witchcraft; and she would sooner appeal to a gypsy woman to rid her of a disease than go to a doctor. If her son is in trouble with the police, or her daughter is in other troubles, she knows that a gypsy woman, provided she is the right one, can help her much more than the most astute lawyer or the best midwife. The Brazilian gypsy woman knows this, and makes capital of her knowledge. I venture to say that on an average the wife of a Brazilian coppersmith earns more money in two hours than her husband does in a whole day.

The Slav element of the downtown population, as well as the Magyar and the Rumanian population, and a goodly number of the recently arrived Jewish element, is just as superstitious, only in a different way. They do not so much believe in the powers of the gypsy, as far as sorcery and witchcraft are concerned; but most of them do believe that a gypsy can tell fortunes and foretell the future. A Brazilian gypsy would be an utter failure with them, but a Polish or Rumanian gypsy woman, knowing what the others believe she is capable of, never hazards herself into proposing sorceries and healing incantations, but keeps herself within the limits of the others' belief in her.

While the husband is at home the gypsy woman never leaves her tent or her house. This is why one sees Brazilian gypsies spreading over the city in the daytime while their husbands are at work in shops; and Rumanian, Hungarian and Polish gypsies are out at night, while their husbands are away practicing their craft of music.

The change from tent life to life in the narrow, dirty streets of the east side—the change from life in the open, with the dust of the road gritting in their teeth, to life in the abandoned, sorrow, ill-ventilated, ill-smelling, moldy old stores and shops, with the stench from the city's garbage wharf in their nostrils—that change was not voluntarily made by the gypsies. All the gold of the city could not have made them make that change. The first tribes that were trapped into adopting a sedentary life—the result of which will be for them the same as for the Indians—were compelled to abandon tent for house by several well-intentioned but ill-advised women, who had the gypsy parents arrested for cruelty to their children. These well-intentioned ladies thought, because it was a hard Winter, that the gypsy children needed better shelter than a tent flapping in the wind. As the activities of these ladies multiplied, every incoming tribe was compelled to abandon tent and live in a house. Either that or their children would be taken away from them. After this was accomplished, our compulsory education system got to work. Another group of well-meaning people thought it was their duty as good Americans to compel the gypsies living in these abandoned stores to send their children to school. Some time ago a very well-intentioned social worker pointed out to me the "betterment" she herself had effected in a certain gypsy family:

"These children used to run about in their bare feet, and the younger ones were more bare than that. But look at them now, how well dressed and clean looking they are."

As she spoke she pointed out to me two youngsters, one of ten and one of twelve, whose parents I have known for years. And not only had they not grown taller or heavier during those two years, but they were so pale that they looked almost white. And while they wore shoes their gait and walk had lost the freedom and rhythm for which their parents and ancestors had been famous for centuries. It is true that they could almost read and write, and that their musical names had been Americanized to Mike and Jake. But I am quite certain that they will never make any addition to the American population. Early tuberculosis will attend to that.

How different the Penal Code of Rumania, which punishes a white man for a certain misdeed with one year's imprisonment and a gypsy man for only six months for the same misdeed. For, say the code-makers, the gypsy man because of his wandering habits and outdoor life is being punished much more severely by six months' imprisonment than the white man by a year.

The older people are not faring much better than children.

To quote again another social worker: "Look at them. They are getting so nice and white that in another few years they will be hardly distinguishable from the other people. I have made them buy furniture, and even rugs for the floors. And I have also persuaded some of the girls to abandon their heathenish manner of combing their hair in tresses. They work in factories now and have to dress and fix their hair like the other girls."

That well-meaning lady was also ignorant of the fact that she was a good aid to the white plague. The mortality among the gypsies living in New York is higher than anywhere else. Still, all the efforts to "civilize" them are not successful. On a recent expedition downtown, in company with Van Wyck Brooks and Pierre Loving, I met two extremely beautiful gypsy girls who had just abandoned their civilized garb for their own more beautiful one, and who had recombed their hair in their own "heathenish fashion" which becomes them so very well. They wished to read our palms. But in spite of all my entreaties they refused to speak their own tongue and insisted on speaking the vulgar English they had learned in the shops. Not even after I had refused to have my palm read unless they spoke to me Tzigani would they consent to do as I asked. So far they had been Americanized.

The following day one of these young women got married to a youngster of the tribe. They showed me very proudly the license they had obtained on the advice of their protecting "lady." But the ceremony was performed in typical gypsy fashion. A cut, made with a knife on both arms, which were afterward tied together to allow the blood to commingle, was the beginning of the ceremony. It may not have been a very civilized form of marriage, but it was a more symbolical one, to them, than the signing of things they did not understand, and the muttering of words they did not believe.

The gypsy population in New York is not likely to increase by the number of births. It grows now only because of the continual stream of new arrivals from all parts of the country.

"What have I done?" one gypsy boy said to me, "that they should put me in school? My feet hurt in the shoes, and I sit on a bench with other children, and it's all walls and windows, and the teacher speaks about birds and trees, and I don't see birds and trees, and then soon I don't hear the teacher, and I think and think. And when the door opens I don't go home, but I go out of the city to hear the birds sing and to see the trees. And at night I sleep outside. In the morning a man came to my father and he says my father must bring me back to school or go to jail. And so my father finds me and they bring me to court and ask my father to whip me, and then they send me back to school. My father he can't read and he can't write, and he is the Barasan of the tribe, the chief."

This is the feeling of all the gypsy children.

We ourselves are slowly adopting many gypsy ways. We copy to a certain extent their manner of dress. We encourage living in the open part of the year. We, the city people, speak so glibly about camping in the open and outings. We have our Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls. And yet we compel an outdoor people to live in the narrow, filthy quarters of a densely populated city!

"They live mostly in abandoned stores."

THE IRISH GUARDS—*By RUDYARD KIPLING*

X.—The Enemy's Collapse and the Armistice

"Men took the news according to their natures. Indurated pessimists, after proving it was a lie, said it would be but an interlude."

Drawn by George van Werveke.

In the preceding instalments of his History of the Irish Guards Mr. Kipling has told the story of the war, as they shared it, from the very beginning of the German advance, through all the fierce fighting and deep digging in of the years from 1914 *to* 1918. *The chapter just past dealt with the events which marked the beginning of the end for Germany. The present instalment finishes the series.*

THE battalion moved nearer their assembly areas to St. Hilaire-les-Cambrai, on the night of the 18th [October, 1918], after company commanders had thoroughly explained to their men what was in store; and on the 19th those commanders, with the Intelligence Officer, Captain Vernon, went up to high ground overlooking the battlefield. It was a closer and more crumpled land than they had dealt with hitherto, its steep-sided valleys cut by a multitude of little streams running from northwest to southeast, with the interminable ruled line of the Bavai road edging the great Forest of Mormal which lay north of Landrecies. The wheel was swinging full circle, and men who had taken part in that age-ago retreat from Mons amused themselves by trying to pick out familiar details in the landscape they had been hunted across four years before. But it was misty and the weather, faithful ally of the Germans to the last, was breaking again. Just as the battalion moved off from St. Hilaire to their area on the railway line from Valenciennes to Le Cateau, rain began and continued till 6 next morning, making every condition for attack as vile as it could. They dug them shallow trenches in case of shellfire and sent down parties to reconnoitre the bridges over the Selle. Four bridges were "available," *i. e.*, existed in some shape, on or near the battalion front, but no one had a good word to say for any of them.

There is a tale concerning the rivers here, which may be given (without guarantee) substantially as told:

"Rivers round Maubeuge? 'Twas all rivers—the Aunelle and the Rhonelle and the Pronelle, an' more, too; an' our Intelligence Officer desirin' to know the last word concernin' each one of 'em before we paddled it. Michael an' me was for that duty. Michael was a runner, afraid o' nothing, but no small liar, and him as fed as myself with reporting on these same dam' rivers; and Jerry expendin' the last of his small-arm stuff round and round the country. I forget which river 'twas we were scouting, but he was ahead of me, the way he always was. Presently he comes capering back.

"'Home, please, Sergeant,'" says he. 'That hill's stinking with Jerries beyond.'

"'But the river?' says I.

"'Ah, come home,' says Michael, 'an' I'll learn ye the road to be a V. C.!'

"So home we went to the Intelligence Officer, and 'twas then I should have spoke the truth. But Michael was before me. I had no more than my mouth opened when he makes his report, which was my business, me being Sergeant (did I tell ye?), to put in. But Michael was before me. He comes out with the width of the river and its depth and the nature of its bottom and the scenery and all and all, the way you'd ha' sworn he'd been a trout in it. When we was out of hearing, I told him he was a liar in respect to his river.

"'River,' says he. 'Are ye after calling that a river? 'Tis no bigger than a dickiebush ditch,' he says. 'And anyway,' says he, 'the battalion'll rowl across it in the dark, the way it always does. Ye cannot get wetter than wet, even in the Micks!'

"Then his conscience smote him, an' when his company went down to this river in the dark, Michael comes capering alongside, whishpering between his hands: 'Boys!' says he. 'Can ye swim, boys? I hope ye can all swim, for, Saints be my witness, I never wint near the river. For aught I know it may be an arrum of the sea. Ah, lads, thry an' learn to swim!' he says.

"Then some one chases him off before the officer comes along; an' we went over Michael's river the way he said we would. Ye cannot get wetter than wet—even in the Micks." * * *

Every battle, as had been pointed out, leaves its own impression. St. Python opened with a wild but exciting chase in the wet and dark which at first seemed to lead straight into Germany. It ended, as it were, in the sudden rising of a curtain of gray, dank light that struck all the actors dumb and immobile for an enormously long and hungry stretch of time, during which they mostly stared at what they could see of the sky above them, while the air filled with dirt and clods, and single shots pecked and snarled round every stone of each man's limited skyline; the whole ending in a blur of running water under starlight (that was when they recrossed the Selle River) and confused memories of freezing together in lumps in lorries, followed by a dazed day of "shell madness," when all ears and eyes were intolerably overburdened with echoes and pictures, and men preferred to be left alone. But they were washed and cleaned and reclothed with all speed and handed over to their company officers for the drill that chases off bad dreams. The Regimental Sergeant Major got at them, too, after their hair was cut, and the massed brigade drums played in the village square of Carnières, and, ere the end of the month, inter-company football was in full swing. * * *

On the last day of October they moved from Carnières to St. Hilaire and took over the Third Grenadiers' billets in the factory there, all of which, house for house, officers and men, was precisely as before the attack on the 20th, ten days ago. But those ten days had borne the British armies on that front beyond Valenciennes in the north to within gunshot of Le Quesnoy in the centre, and to the Sambre Canal, thirty miles away, in the south. Elsewhere Lille had been evacuated, the lower half of Western Flanders cleared from the Dutch frontier to Tournai, while almost every hour brought up from one or other of the French and American armies on the Meuse and the Argonne fresh tallies of abandoned stores and guns, and of prisoners gathered in rather than captured. Behind this welter, much as the glare of a mine reveals the façade of a falling town hall, came word of the collapse of Bulgaria, Turkey and Austria. The whole of the herd of the Hun tribes were on the move, uneasy and afraid. It remained so to shatter the mass of their retiring forces in France that they should be in no case to continue any semblance of further war without complete destruction. Were they permitted to slink off unbroken, they might yet make stand behind some shorter line or manufacture a semblance of a "face" before their own people that would later entail fresh waste and weariness on the world.

The weather and the destruction they had left in their wake were, as on the Somme, aiding them now at every turn, in spite of all our roadmen and engineers could do. Our airmen took toll of them and their beasts as they retreated along the congested ways; but this was the hour when the delays, divided councils and especially the strikes of past years had to be paid for, and the giant bombing planes that should have taught fear and decency far inside the German frontiers were not ready.

A straight drive from the West on to the German lateral communications promised the quickest return. It was laid in the hands of the First, Third and Fifth armies to send that attack home, and with the French and American pressure from the South, break up the machine past repair.

Men today say and believe that they knew it would be the last battle of the war, but, at the time, opinions varied; and the expectations of the rank and file were modest. The thing had gone on so long that it seemed the order of life; and, though the enemy everywhere fell back, yet he had done so once before, and over very much the same semi-liquid muck as we were floundering in that Autumn's end. "The better the news, the worse the chance of a knock," argued the veterans, while the young hands sent out with high assurance at draft parades that the war was on its last legs, discovered how the machine-gun-fenced rear of retirements was no route march. ("There was them that came from Warley shouting, ye'll understand; and there was them that came saying nothing at all, and liking it no more than that; but I do not remember any one of us looked to be out of it inside six months. No—ne[illegible] even when he was dancing into Mau[beuge]. We thought Jerry want[ed] to get his wind.") * * *

On the afternoon of Nov. 7 th[e] battalion marched to Bavai ove[r] muddy roads in drizzle. Even the[n] men have said, there was no genera[l] belief in the end of Armageddon. They looked for a lull, perhaps; ver[y] possibly some sort of conference an[d] waste of time which would give th[e] enemy breath for fresh enterprise. A few, however, insist that the care[-] ful destruction of the roads and rail[-] way bridges and the indifference o[f] the prisoners as they poured i[n] warned them of the real state o[f] affairs. ("It looked as if the Jer[-] ries had done all the harm they coul[d] think of, and were chucking it—lik[e] boys caught robbing an orchard. There's wasn't an atom of dignity or decency about any of 'em. Ju[st] dirt and exhausted Jerrydom.")

What the battalion felt most wa[s] having to make detours roun[d] broken bridges and to dig ramps i[n] mine craters on the roads to ge[t] their Lewis guns across. They jetti[-] soned their second line transport a[t] a convenient chateau outside Bava[i] on this account; found that ther[e] were no arrangements for billeting in the town, so made their own, and while Bavai was being shelled, go[t] into houses and again were "ver[y] comfortable." The Second Brigade were in the front line on the railway and next day the First Brigade wer[e] to lead and capture Maubeuge, seve[n] miles down a road which cut acros[s] the line of their earlier stages in th[e] retreat from Mons, and three miles as a shell ranges, from the village of Malplaquet.

They began their last day, half a[n] hour after midnight, marching "a[s] a battalion" out of Bavai with thei[r] Lewis gun limbers. Twice they wer[e] slightly shelled; once at least the[y] had to unpack and negotiate mor[e] mine craters at crossroads. It was [a] populous world through which the[y] tramped, and all silently but tensel[y] awake—a world made up of [a] straight, hard road humped abov[e] the level of the fields in place[s] rather like the Menin road whe[n] it was young, but with untouche[d]

(Continued on Page 28)

Germany's Chance to Rise Again

Kuno Francke Finds Hope in Her Cultural History

A Review by
S. N. BRAININ

DIE KULTURWERTE DER DEUTSCHEN LITERATUR IN IHRER GESCHICHTLICHEN ENTWICKLUNG. (Zweiter Band: Die Kulturwerte der Deutschen Literatur von der Reformation bis zur Aufklärung.) By Kuno Francke. [illegible] pp. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung.

SINCE he came to Harvard, almost forty years ago, Dr. Kuno Francke, who recently retired from his post at that university, has played practically the rôle of a permanent exchange professor between the United States and Germany. The two countries are always together in his mind thus, when, in his "German Ideals Today" (1907), he speaks of Goethe, he speaks of "Goethe's message to America"; and when he discusses Emerson, it is to show his influence on the German personality. Again, to bring to the American public the best of German literature, he has edited, together with W. G. Howard, a series of twenty volumes of German fiction, from Goethe to Thoma and Wassermann.

When, more than a quarter of a century ago, he published his "Social Forces in German Literature," he was to give American readers the main outlines of German literary and cultural development. So much favorable comment, both in this country and in Germany, was aroused by this book that the author was urged to write a German version for the people of his native land. Thus it was that, not satisfied merely to translate the original, he began to present exhaustive study of German literature, "Kulturwerte der deutschen Literatur in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung." This work he has planned to consist of four volumes: the first, dealing with the Middle Ages, appeared in 1910; the second, covering the period from the Reformation through the Enlightenment, has just been published; the subject matter of the third will be the ages of Classicism and Romanticism; and the last volume is to treat of contemporary German literature.

Dr. Francke does not pretend to be a literary critic; he is a historian. To him literature is primarily a mirror of social forces and cultural development, and every writer is merely symptomatic of his age. In the preface to the first volume of the present work the author declared it his aim to make a contribution to the "history of German personality," and to create a part of personal relation between his reader and the great minds of Germany. But his discussion is too minute, he has too much of a tendency to dissect and pigeonhole the men of whom he writes; they lose their individuality, and become simply the personifications of national characteristics. In spite of his light touch and poetic descriptions, the author rarely succeeds in creating a living personality.

While the English book is more popular in its appeal, more suited to the taste and capacity of the general reader, the German version is by far more erudite and complete. The treatment of the material is, indeed, almost too detailed—the work barely escapes falling in the category of textbooks. The student, however, will find it exceedingly valuable and will discover only one fault—the numerous references should, for the convenience of the reader, have been included in a bibliography.

In the present volume we note the revolution the war caused in the psychology of the German Junker. While, in his other writings, Dr. Francke has hoped to "reflect, in some measure, our national greatness," and has pointed proudly to the happy union of German empire and nation, he now emphasizes the tragic elements in the intellectual struggles of Germany. More than once he compares the conditions of today with those that followed the Thirty Years' War. He finds comfort in the "stoic ideal of equanimity in suffering" that was born from the terrors of that war; and the appearance of great minds that developed in spite of unfavorable conditions gives him hope that today, when the unparalleled violation of our country's soil and our national honor [illegible] makes us often want to bow our heads in despair."

This volume covers the literature of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—that of pre-Reformation humanism, of the Reformation, of the pseudo-classic, baroque, rococo and pedantic schools, and of the period of the Enlightenment under Frederick the Great. Characteristically, Dr. Francke is concerned more with substance than with form. His method is to choose the most important writers of each period, and to convey, by means of discussion of their chief works and quotation of a significant passage or two, an idea of their contributions to the development of the national life and mind. Issue might be taken with him for including in his study men like Copernicus and Erasmus of Rotterdam, neither of whom, he admits, was actually a German. But he justifies their inclusion on the ground that their battle for liberalism was essentially one with that of German thought.

To Martin Luther, the dominating figure of the Reformation, the author devotes an entire chapter. He describes the reformer as "a typical German—in spite of his roughness and uncouthness, he was yet accessible to the most delicate and pure emotions, and with child-like gratitude his spirit enjoyed the beauty and happiness that, like a wondrous flower, blooms in the midst of the sin and wretchedness of our poor world." To him modern culture owes the "unshakable faith in an inner force that we do not possess but that possesses us—that carries and impels us, fills us with bliss, and opens to us the vista of eternity." But the author is not blind to the darker side of Luther's character, as it appears in his abandonment of the cause of freedom for religious intolerance. The constant narrowing of his spiritual horizon, the ever-growing struggle against his own better self, is a tragic manifestation of "the fate of the Germany of his time, the fate of one driven to the betrayal of his own ideals."

In the literature of the greater part of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Dr. Francke sees reflected the intellectual apathy that characterized the time of the Counter-Reformation and the Thirty Years' War. The writings of this period lack fire, inspiration, personality. Only a few names stand out—Hans Sachs, Johann Fischart, Jakob Böhme, Andreas Gryphius, Paul Gerhardt, Christoph von Grimmelshausen. The last named, particularly, with the "cruelly realistic truthfulness" of his novel "Simplicissimus," gives us an unequaled picture of the time of the Thirty Years' War, one of the most terrible in German history. The period of spiritual absolutism that followed the war seemed the negation of all the dreams of the reformers. But, the author points out, this absolutism, "without wishing to do it, cleared the road for spiritual freedom, began the great process of leveling that finally led to democracy." For, paradoxically enough, absolutism in the long run made for the individualism that found its great interpreter in Liebnitz; his "unconquerable optimism it was that, more than any other factor, roused the spiritual life of Germany from the lethargy of the Thirty Years' War and gave it new energy and power."

Part of a Sheet Satirizing the Debasement of the German Coinage After the Thirty Years' War.

From "The History of All Nations."

The main literary currents of this time Dr. Francke shows to be imitative of the Latin Renaissance; the Germanification of this movement resulted in excessively ornate or pedantically stilted forms, none of which expressed the real spirit of the German people. The literature is servile in tone, just as the men were servile. There was a tendency, too, to modify the language by the introduction of Romance words. It was the reaction to these trends that gave the impetus to the literary and cultural development of Germany in the time of Frederick the Great.

Although this Francophile King did nothing consciously to further the cause of German culture, yet his stand for religious tolerance and for equality of all before the law had a tremendous influence on the higher development of this culture. Dr. Francke characterizes this period of the Enlightenment:

> The Germans are still a subject people. The common existence is still ruled by a rigid caste system and the interests of a dynasty. Only sporadic attempts at true national life have as yet been made. But nevertheless the conception of national welfare has penetrated wide circles. The sense of duty in public affairs has been awakened. * * * In spite of many actual restrictions, in spite of interference by the authorities, the principles of religious freedom and of the right for scientific investigation have gained recognition. And the road is now clear for the thought that, since the Thirty Years' War, has slowly, steadily been striving for higher things.

The author discusses the three gigantic figures of this period, the forerunners of the great classical age of modern German literature: Klopstock, "the creator of that invisible republic that to our day remained the ideal counterpart to hard monarchial reality"; Wieland, "the incarnation of the many-sided impressionability and sensitiveness" of the German culture of his time; and Lessing, "a man of essentials, who penetrates through all superficialities of form into the core of matters." It is "in Lessing, the religious thinker, that the period of the Enlightenment manifests itself in its purer and most powerful form. * * * His 'Nathan' is to be estimated not as drama but as poetry of thought, a Platonic dialogue shifted to the stage. As poetry of thought it is the most perfect creation of the German Enlightenment."

With the chapter on Lessing Dr. Francke closes his study of the cultural history of Germany as reflected in the literature of three centuries. He has followed the development of German literature from the unkempt form and bigoted spirit of the sixteenth century to the "serene heights of Lessing's humanity"; and he has traced, too, the parallel progress of the German people from the bitter fanaticism and national misery that followed the Reformation to the "enlightened despotism" of Frederick the Great. The book is the product of painstaking investigation, done by a thorough scholar, to whom research is his greatest joy. To be sure, the work lacks the intuitive penetration of true literary criticism; but with the development of its main theme—the reflection of cultural currents in literature—it will rouse and hold the interest of the reader.

Last Days of Emperor Charles

DER TOTE AUF MADEIRA. By Karl Werkmann. Munich: Verlag fuer Kulturpolitik. 1923.

CHARLES HAPSBURG was of a passive nature. He reveled in self-reproach and suffering. If there are heroic sufferers at all, he was one of them."

This was the comment made by Dr. Karl Renner, former Chancellor of Austria, when informed of the death of the former ruler. The book of Karl Werkmann, last secretary of the ex-Emperor, does not refute the prevalent opinion that Charles was "great" only in suffering. Hard as the author might have tried, he could not find any "active" heroic trait of his former master. However ambitious the unfortunate Hapsburg might have been, neither his thoughts nor his actions measured up to the requirements of the tragical situation of one who has to regain a lost throne.

The last secretary of the last Hapsburg ruler gives an account of the kaleidoscopic changes in the life of his master from the time he lost his throne to the time when he was buried on the Isle of Madeira. Undoubtedly, the two and a half years that elapsed between Nov. 11, 1918, and April 5, 1921, were full of so many historically relevant facts that, although the task before Herr Werkmann was executed in a partisan spirit and therefore his conclusions are sometimes contrary to an unprejudiced appraisal of the occurrences, the material that the author saved from oblivion will be invaluable to the historian of the future in describing this imperial tragedy.

Nov. 11, 1918, marks the beginning of the end, in the narrative of Werkmann. On that day the Ministers of Charles submitted to him a manifesto containing his abdication. The Emperor hesitated whether he should sign the document. Then he declared that he had to see the Empress first. "You must not sign this manifesto," declared Empress Zita energetically. "A ruler must never resign his throne. He may be dethroned, because this is force that does not compel him to recognize the loss of his rights, but he must not abdicate." However, Emperor Charles was so much afraid of the consequences of a refusal that he did not follow the advice of the Empress. A few minutes after it had been submitted to him he signed the document.

In his exile in Switzerland, Werkmann tells us, Charles was the central figure of as many schemes of conspiracies as there were political adventurers in Europe. Most dangerous of these schemers were those who wanted him to head a movement of secession of the Southern German States with a view to uniting these States with Austria under the sceptre of the Hapsburgs.

It will be interesting to note that Werkmann exculpates the ex-Empress from having instigated her husband's two attempts to regain the Hungarian throne. According to his version, Charles was persuaded to take these steps by the Hungarian aristocrats who reported to him that "Hungary, enthusiastic over a prospective restoration, is awaiting her King." The decision of the ex-Empress to fly with her husband to Hungary came as spontaneously as the intention of the ex-Emperor to attempt a second coup d'état.

Many new data are contained in that part of the book which is devoted to the description of the life of the ex-imperial couple in their humble retreat on the Island of Madeira. Penury is the word most appropriate for the circumstances of the former rulers. Charles Hapsburg laughed when the authorities of Madeira sent him a property tax return blank. His property consisted of not much more than his personal wearing apparel. This dire distress is graphically described in a letter of one of the ladies in waiting of the ex-Empress, dated March 12, 1921:

> The house the imperial couple lives in is unheated. There is no soap in the whole house, so that the Archdukes and Archduchesses have to wash their own lingerie without any soap, in ice-cold water.

Charles, afflicted already by his fatal illness, could not have the food necessary to keep up his strength. Some of the members of the family spent the whole day in bed, thus trying to outwit the inclement weather that was chilling their bones up there in the village of Monte. In Funchal, the capital, it would have been warm, but there they had no place to live in.

So Charles Hapsburg died in misery at noon on April 1, 1921. His burial was as simple as possible. So was his wooden coffin that was lowered into the grave in the churchyard of Funchal on April 5, 1921.

EMIL LENGYEL.

Hobbies of Kings

Some Historic Examples from German Charles V. to English George V.

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

By JAMES C. YOUNG

EVER since the merry King of the nursery rhyme called for his fiddlers the monarchs of this world have sought relief from the cares of state in simple pastimes. George V. recently achieved headlines and the first page by the purchase of a postage stamp at a price that might well have ransomed some lesser King in earlier days.

His Britannic Majesty is a patron of standing among stamp collectors. We may imagine him turning aside from weighty matters to open his stamp album with a little flush of pleasure, conning over his rare specimens just as though he was a plain citizen with a hobby.

The King began to collect stamps some years ago and has risen to the rank of an authority. Doubtless he follows all the news about stamps in that singularly absorbed way which marks the true stamp collector. It is a pleasant picture, this conception of almost the last Emperor and King with his nose buried in a stamp album, and a price list alongside. Perhaps he saves some of his spending money to add a new stamp now and then. Maybe his mind wanders off during councils of state to that pet album and its treasures. Even a King cannot feel a King always.

Monarchs in many lands and ages have ridden their hobbies. Few Kings have had more power or a stranger hobby than Charles V., Emperor of Germany and King of Spain in the sixteenth century and the greatest potentate of his time. He fought France to a standstill and extended his sway over Flanders and Italy. He aspired to rule all Europe, but failed at the job and handed over the throne to his brother Ferdinand in 1556.

By that time the King business had palled on him to such a degree that he determined to give up the world and retire to a monastery. It was as if William Hohenzollern himself had stepped down before his defeat and turned for peace to the gray walls where material interests end. But Charles was not happy in his retirement. Too long he had been accustomed to activity, power, the exercise of a strong will. Day by day he grew more fretful, restless, irking at the restraint. Then, according to the story, a clock in his cell—or perhaps it was a big chamber—failed to keep proper time. This annoyed the sometime potentate and with his own hands he set himself to make the clock keep time. A document of the day states that he did a very good job on the clock. It kept such time afterward that he could find nothing else about the clock that needed tinkering. Then he looked around the monastery and laid hold of another timepiece that was out of tune. The world's greatest monarch of a few months before was finding himself had struck a vocation at which he succeeded after muddling the fortunes of half a dozen countries.

He was getting on swimmingly with his second clock when he saw that although it kept correct time for all ordinary purposes, there was a fractional difference between it and the first clock. For days he labored to make both register identical seconds at the same instant. Any clockmaker knows that that is indeed a task for a King.

If we may believe Charles's chronicler, he made out well with the two clocks. Then, like another Caesar, he looked around from his conquered Gaul for a new Britain to subdue. And the idea occurred to him of bringing in all the clocks in the neighborhood that needed mending, oiling and refurbishing. Workbenches were provided, vises, tiny hammers, screws and springs. Charles donned an apron and toiled early and late upon his clocks. He must have gone a little mad. Toward the end he had more than 100 clocks of all sorts, and it was the passion of his last days to make the whole lot keep the same time. He would arise at all hours and go tiptoeing among his precious clocks, comparing the time they registered with the meticulous nicety of a master workman engaged upon a great undertaking. And so the curtain finally fell upon the great Charles.

The passion of handicraft has possessed many a King. When the throne of the Bourbons rocked beneath Louis XVI. in those epochal days that ended in 1793 the Citizen King used to slip away and hide himself in a little workshop of the palace where he had a bench and many tools. He was a very good sort of a carpenter and cabinetmaker, but it was his special pride that he could make almost any kind of a lock or key. He has been drawn for us by contemporaries examining every lock he came to, greatly delighted when he found one that required his skill. It was a sure way to his favor for some courtier to present him with an old and intricate lock, a bit of craftsmanship from the Middle Ages. When these offered special and peculiar difficulties Louis was ready to let Marie Antoinette and Mirabeau put their heads together for the sake of the State while he worked out the puzzle of his lock.

As the days grew steadily darker and it became evident that the throne teetered in the balance, Louis stole away more often to his locks and his tools. Often matters of the first moment were delayed for hours until the King could be summoned. He would post trusted valets about the palace halls to ward off those who sought him at his labors. It is not difficult to call up the ardent, domineering Mirabeau, scornful of this prosaic King, walking an audience chamber in wrath while he strove to save a monarch whom he may have thought hardly worth the trouble. But what a Queen that monarch had. And the Queen had smiled upon this lion of a statesman.

Irresolute Louis, heir to all the ills of a fated dynasty, was not to enjoy his tools and his tinkering for long.

Perhaps he might even have picked the lock of his prison door. But just as certainly he would have scorned liberty that way. The Bourbons died better than they lived.

The annals of France yield many an anecdote of the hobbies of her Kings. There was young Charles IX., son of the gloomy Catherine de Medici. He ruled but a little while, and he made that while gay enough. His favorite pastime was to go roistering about Paris at night, clambering across the flat roofs of the old city, peering into good burgher's windows, sometimes even invading their homes and sitting down to their dinners with kingly nonchalance. He and his merry bindes especially delighted in attacking the watch, just as if they had been some band of students from the university on a lark. And they did not stop at the watch. There were stories of pretty Parisiennes carried off by men the watch refused to pursue.

"Emperor Charles V. toiled early and late upon his clocks."

After these escapades Charles would return to the palace, filled with wine and joy, and hold long sessions among his boon fellows far into the morning. More than once that stern de Medici mother of his would venture to interrupt him and inquire if her royal son would not like to converse with his mother, for Charles was a very young son and a most youthful King, even at his death, poisoned by Marie, some said. A fascinating story of this blade and his times has been told by Prosper Mérimée in "A Chronicle of Charles IX."

Louis XI. was another of the French line who had a great curiosity to go poking about Paris at night. But this Louis was of a different stuff from the merry-making Charles. He was of a suspicious bent, a hunchbacked, twisted-nosed, yellow-faced pigmy King, who knew that his subjects hated him, and feared their hate. After dark he would go out in the byways, usually accompanied by a single retainer, and listen in the wine shops to what those same subjects said about him. Justin McCarthy took this hobby of the King and used it to set off his story of François Villon, in "If I Were King."

Still another French sovereign, and perhaps the greatest of all, Napoleon himself, had a hobby. This was no less than the noble game of solitaire. When great events impended he would spend hours matching the cards, according to some of those who were privy to his councils. There is a story that on the night before the crossing of the Beresina he sat up till dawn in a futile effort to win the fifty-two points. When he could not prevail over the bits of pasteboard, he tore them up, and then ordered the advance. It does not tax the imagination to believe that the Corsican may have seen fate mocking him through this pack of cards in his Russian adventure. He was the most superstitious of conquerors and a winning at solitaire might well have seemed to him a happy augury when about to engage in some new stroke.

If we turn to antiquity we find that the Kings of the older times also had their hobbies. Perhaps that of Nero is the most famous. His took an odd bent for a King, toward poetry. It would seem that this Caesar really believed himself a great poet. He wrote long odes and dramatic pieces which he loved to recite whenever opportunity offered.

No feast was complete without a poem by Nero. He would rise at the head of the table and dispense what must have been a fine mess of poetic porridge. Competitions were regularly arranged and judges appointed to award the laurel wreath. Seneca, sometime schoolmaster of the mad Caesar, usually was impressed to sit as a Judge. We may conceive of his pain in being compelled to grant the wreath to this wayward scholar. Coupled with his poetic fervor, Nero also thought himself a musician, and, if we may believe the legend, he twanged his blooming lyre while imperial Rome seethed at his feet and crumbled into ashes.

Dionysius The Younger, famous dictator of Syracuse, had another sort of hobby. He delighted to impart instruction and presided over classes for the children of his court. What a schoolmaster he must have been. It was something in that class for a student to miss his lesson, a prospect one hardly cares to consider.

When the wheel of fortune turned and threw Dionysius off his throne he retired to a village and set himself up as a schoolmaster in fact. And the old historians say that he made a very good one, indeed. The philosophers considered this hobby of his and came to the conclusion that it arose from a yearning for complete power. Even as dictator he had still felt the craving for absolute sway, such as some schoolmasters have had, even more than any tyrant. And when Dionysius could no longer tyrannize over his subjects that urge toward power made him set up as dictator in his village school.

Assuredly all of these inclinations and occupations show that divinity which doth hedge a King may leave the King himself like the rest of us—very ordinary mortals. In every age Kings have gambled, hunted, made love and lightly run away as a recreation from the serious side of their lives. Wherever the story of a King has been written by a truthful human-minded chronicler there is some thread which reveals the man above the monarch. Fyvie Mayerne, for one, has pictured the foibles of the great upon this earth in familiar colors. Benvenuto Cellini has passed on intimate glimpses of Francis I. and other rulers of his time. Many of the old books asleep in their dusty covers preserve delights on the doings of monarchs in their hours off duty.

We have in our own time the example of that stern William who once ruled Germany, busily felling trees in Holland, like any yokel of the countryside. The business of being a King has ever been inferior to the business of being a man, and after all is said and done a man finds his happiness by using the talent that is inside of him, whether that leads to tinkering with clocks, locks, or the minds of schoolboys.

A Spanish-Portuguese Character

D. FRANCISCO MANUEL DE MELLO. By Edgar Prestage. New York: Oxford University Press.

IT is heroic work to attempt to trace the tangled events in the life of so adept a courtier, soldier of fortune and man of letters as was Francisco Manuel de Mello, Portuguese by birth, Spanish-Portuguese by political associations and culture, of semi-royal family, high ideals and worldly habits, religious nature, needy in his fortunes and eminent in his enterprises. Such is the task well performed in Dr. Edgar Prestage's study. Francisco Manuel de Mello was born in Lisbon in 1608 and died there in 1666.

Educated by the Jesuits, fundamentally religious, and a faithful and broad-minded Catholic, he lived in Court and camp without a serious stain on his fame. His favorite topics of study were theology and philosophy; his love verses are free from license. This lady's man respected too deeply the religious state to encourage those breaches of monastic discipline that the laxity of the age allowed, and though his aunt was a nun he did not frequent convent grilles.

He remained a bachelor, considering marriage a fearsome state, and said:

Some philosophers call a wife necessary company; she is necessary to cowardly spirits who dare not pass this interval of life alone.

His versatility was extraordinary; he could command a fleet or army, direct an ambassadorial banquet or a Court ball, argue a theological point, dictate a ballad, explain the derivation of a word, compose music for an opera and penetrate the mysteries of the cabala. His sonnets and tercets are of a high level and make him, perhaps, the best Portuguese lyricist of the seventeenth century. In his histories he follows the manner of Livy, and for him history was an art. The "Epanaphoras" were written between 1649 and 1659 and the "Carta de Guia de Casados" ("Guide for Married Folk") was followed by the "Apologos Dialogaes," containing "The Talking Clocks," in which the town and village clocks are speakers; "The Miserly Study," a dialogue of four coins; "The Visit of the Fountains," and "The Hospital of Letters." His bibliography reaches to 186 works in Spanish as well as Portuguese.

THOMAS WALSH.

New York City for Visitors

Not a Mere Emporium of Commodities, But a Thing of Beauty and a Joy for Tourists

The Roof Tops and Water Tanks of the Southern Quarter of New York's Theatre District from 43d Street. At Least a Dozen Theatre Roofs Are Visible, the View Extending to the Manhattan Opera House in 34th Street.

An unusual volume is the second edition of Fremont Rider's "New York City," which "guide book for travelers"—for some years out of print—has been revised and greatly enlarged, and is now published by Henry Holt & Co. The book marks an epoch in the annals of Knickerbocker. It means that a certain village, cleverly planted by the Dutch on Manhattan Island and coolly annexed for a while by the English, has now risen to the ultimate dignity of a Baedeker all to itself.

New York is no longer content to be a mere emporium for commodities and an Ellis Island for immigrants. As a thing of beauty and a joy for tourists, she challenges comparison with Rome, Paris and even Stratford-on-Avon. She attracts a growing multitude of sightseers who have no business therein except money to burn and no need except a good guide to a good time. For such visitors Mr. Rider furnishes what may be fairly called the rubbernecks' bible.

As Black and Baedeker trace the Forum where Julius Caesar fell, so does Rider analyze the glories of Forty-second and a thousand other streets. With the zeal of Carnarvon he has excavated the tomb of Woolworth and has discovered at its base, not indeed a sarcophagus for Mayor Hylan, but "mural decorations by Frederick J. Wiley picturing mediæval scenes, towering castles, wandering troubadours, knightly horsemen and wind-driven galleons." In the Middle Ages an artist decorated altars. But today the palate and the palette was partners, and the painter makes his profits in the mezzanine style. Not only do hotels pay better than cathedrals, but they pay more often. A cathedral continues for centuries. A hotel is demolished and rebuilt, and the chandeliers of Sherry's appear again in the Capitol Theatre. What work this means for artists is shown by this guide book.

The fact that much of New York is, like Nineveh, in ruins, might have been an inspiration for Mr. Rider. For ruins are the raw materials of the picturesque. But the trouble with ruins in New York is that they never stay in the same place. About the pyramids of Gizah there is a certain permanence. But there is no reason to believe that, ten years hence, there will be either an Equitable Building, a Hippodrome or a pavement around Union Square. A guide book to New York should be, therefore, new every morning; indeed, it might be issued, like ledgers, diaries and encyclopedias, in loose leaf.

In the architecture of New York we thus note a rapid evolution. We begin with the simple and severe yet stately Karnak of commerce, called the Flatiron, and proceed to the more elaborate shrine of the vestal virgins, prettily designated the Singer; after which mysticism asserts its claims in the ecclesiastical elevations of the Bush Terminal and the Woolworth, which were admired by Cardinal Mercier as a convincing compromise between the Deity and Mammon.

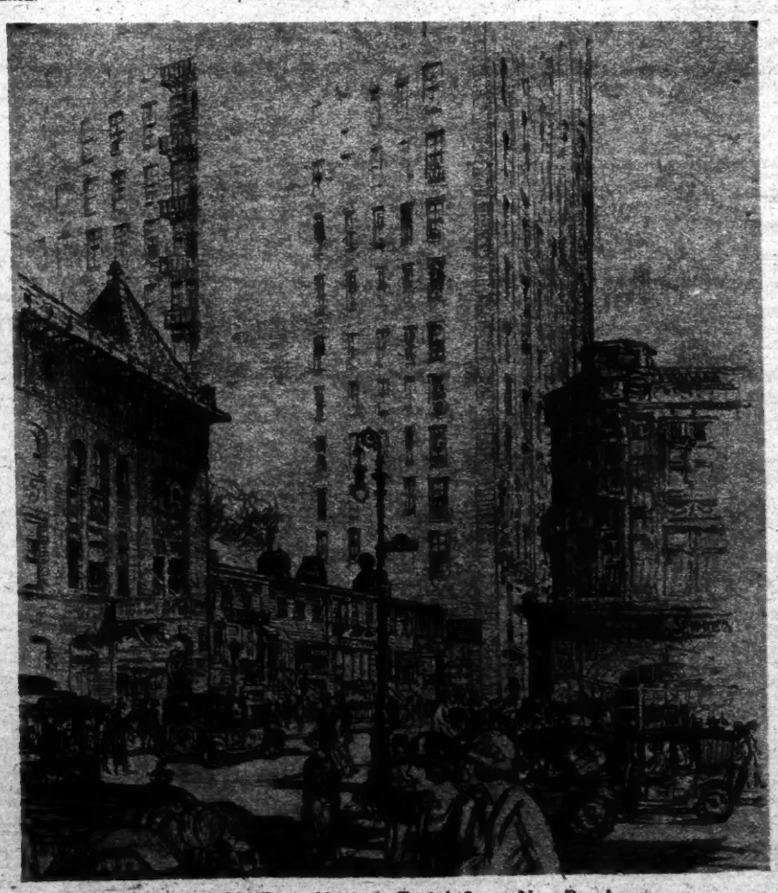
Similarly with churches. At first the styles are merely imitative. St. Paul's Chapel, where Washington's pew is a cozy place in which to read up the dimensions of the new various Brooklyn bridges, is simply transplanted Georgian. Trinity, at the top of Wall Street, is simply transplanted Tudor. And St. Patrick's is simply transplanted decorative. The earlier the date of these churches the later is the style adopted. But when you come to the Church of St. Thomas, a mere glance from the ten-cent bus will reveal to your discerning eye that here is to be found an independent initiative. Like the Harkness buildings at Yale, this is Gothic, but where Gothic had been the architect's master it is now his servant; indeed, in the case of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Gothic and Byzantine have been rather riotous servants, indulging in a kind of architectural jazz. Yet even St. John's stands the test of all good building, namely, detail. Examine the carving in these recent churches, or indeed in the latest St. Bartholomew's, and you will find that, whether it be wood or stone, the chisel has cut firm and true, leaving a strong outline and a deep shadow. In Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, the architect had still to achieve a control of his artistic materials, and the ornament intrudes on the design. But more practiced architects have realized that true ornament is too precious to be profuse, and the splendor of unadorned space has been conceded. The Parthenon of New York is the Grand Central, where one loses nothing of the desired effect except the trains which are tactfully concealed from the gaze of a fastidious public.

Mr. Rider recognizes frankly that already New York has a past. Over Tammany Hall he uses language which suggests misgiving. The ritual, says he, is still Indian, and Wall Street was once protected by a stockade. Over Spuyten Duyvil, as over the City Club, which is unnoticed among the historic beauties of Forty-fourth Street, a veil is drawn; and why a Hollander swam the Hudson "in spite of the devil" remains a mystery. For, after all, New York's specialty is not the past, but the present.

As we now know, Pompeii had sky signs, but Vesuvius itself never illuminated Pompeii with a blaze more glowing than those flames which shimmer over the Great White Way, reminding one of sweet gums for the mouth and shedding a calculated loveliness unachieved as yet by the often overrated moonlight on the Taj Mahal. In the amphitheatre of Corinth there were chariot races, but compared with the traffic of Fifth Avenue the chariot was merely a perambulator. And while in Greece the dramas of Aeschylus and Euripides were merely occasional and seldom went on tour, New York has entertainments which are continuous and paramount. Not even Jerusalem boasts an elevated that can soar overhead and a subway that can dive under ground. Let Chester retain her walls and timbered houses. In New York you can shoot the office mail into a box six hundred feet below and lunch twice as near heaven as the cross on St. Paul's Cathedral in London. Benares has her burning ghats. But under the present able executive the Fire Department, with 198 engines, 99 hook and ladder squads, 10 fireboats and other accessories, can certainly extinguish anything or any one that happens to be burning in Benares.

Like Baedeker, this guide has maps, plans and asterisks for the

(Continued on Page 18)



Colony of Old Frame Houses in Fortieth Street, Near Broadway.

Drawings by Louis Rayl.

Woman's Place in the Background

Dr. Gina Lombroso Condemns the Whole Feminist Movement

A Review by
MARY SIEGRIST

THE SOUL OF WOMAN: Reflections on Life. By Gina Lombroso, D. L., M. D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

WE Americans and English like to assure ourselves that our Mrs. Catts and our Pankhursts are gradually transforming the face of the whole round world. But lo, here is a voice out of Italy that is still innocently attuned to the Middle Ages! In fact, to put it in medieval days is to deprive it of its rightful setting. It is really of the vintage of the Flood, or even earlier. One stops in the reading of it from time to time and wonders whether it is all a dream or whether a woman in the twentieth century has actually written these things and believes them to be true.

Of course, it's a tremendous undertaking—a lifetime job!—this uncovering of the soul of anything, whether it be the soul of man or woman or the soul of a frog, fish, turtle or what not! Its entire accomplishment is, of course, much beyond the reach of any one writer or group of writers. The author did not intend, she avers, to set forth a scientific work nor a series of special psychological or philosophical researches. Her object is rather to try to determine woman's real aptitudes, aspirations, qualities and defects and point to the conclusions which she believes society should draw from these premises. Her analysis is, as far as the layman knows, irrefutable. It may be that our souls are something like this. Who knows? Very likely they are. What of it? The conclusions that are drawn prove that there is still matter for wonderment under the sun.

Not education or coercion, declares the author, but woman's destined mission determine feminine impulses and qualities. Men and women should therefore "combat the tendency to masculinize women," a tendency which, it is claimed, will in the long run "deprive society of a precious asset without giving woman the happiness she imagines she can gain." Here is a paragraph which may serve as the keynote: "It is of no use for women to protest or to try to imagine that they can change things. Things are as they are. When God created woman out of Adam's rib she became, except as mother, man's complement, nothing else."

And elsewhere, "Since we are women, we are inevitably inferior to men." (!)

Sincerely written as "The Soul of Woman" is, no one will get very far along in its pages without feeling that it is a book whose premises and conclusions—here in America at least—are strangely oriented in this twentieth century.

It is not hard to understand, after reading these pages, why it was that the French translation of this book was responsible—so it is claimed—for the defeat of woman suffrage in France; for, though Dr. Lombroso is proud of her academic distinction and literary successes, she is an ardent anti-feminist and anti-suffragist. "The Soul of Woman," which urges woman to go back to the home, has stirred up much controversy not only because of its purpose, nor because of the many disagreeable as well as agreeable characteristics assigned to women, but because of the extraordinary attitude taken in regard to the entrance of woman into the field of business, industry and politics. In America, happily, it will have little or no influence upon practical affairs, but in those backward countries where ideas of equality still hang in the balance it is disheartening to think how the pendulum of progress may be actually turned back by this book, which, ironic as the case may be, is written in order to add to the sum total of woman's happiness and to direct human progress along what the author conceives to be the right lines.

Dr. Gina Lombroso is the daughter of the famous Italian anthropologist, Cesare Lombroso, and wife of the celebrated historian Guglielmo Ferrero. She is herself a Doctor of Laws and Medicine, an authority on medical and anthropological questions and a student of social and economic problems. In publishing this analysis of woman's real nature, as she envisages it, her aim is to give women an opportunity to comprehend themselves and to help men to understand women. Dr. Lombroso views with alarm the social, economic and biologic effects which she believes are bound to follow the steady drift of women from home-making to competition with men in business, industry and politics. In thus taking up the cudgels against feminism she believes she is defending the world's mothers and helping all women to interpret the hidden voices in their own souls! The dedication of the book to her little daughter Nina is a touching one.

I thought of you while writing, of you and of your little friends, who, like sparrows, flock around you, laughing and playing. In them, as in you, deep instincts lie dormant. You still know why you laugh or why you cry. But in a few years everything will be different.

For, as life proceeds, we grow more and more estranged from our own selves. We understand ourselves less and less. The reasonable things that dominate your childhood's world will soon mean little to you, whereas vague but profound pleasures and sorrows will thrill and torture you. You will not understand your emotions nor will you dare confide even in me, my dearest little girl. When that time comes, I want you to read this book, Nina. I have written it to try to help you then. In this book I have tried to embody the sum of experience life has brought me. I have tried to register the things which I thought would help those who are starting out on the road of life and who have not yet learned to interpret the hidden voices in their souls. You see, each of us thinks that such voices speak in his own soul alone. In reality, the same voices speak in the souls of all of us. May these pages, my dearest heart, spare you the suffering in store for us all. That is the humble, unbounded and, alas! so often vain hope of every mother.

That so distinguished and brilliant a woman should throw all the weight of her influence against the things for which such women as Frances Willard, Jane Addams, Mrs. Pankhurst, Ida Tarbell have devoted their lives seems unbelievable. And yet upon reflection, the psychology of the occurrence is not difficult. For—let us see—here is the daughter of a famous criminologist and the wife of a celebrated historian, a woman who has, in a sense, been happily sheltered from her childhood. In her close association with the work of her father and her husband, and in her own exhausting researches, she has, in her reaction, swung to the other extreme of the pendulum. But what a grotesque thing it is, and how oddly inconsistent, that a woman who is justly proud of her academic distinctions and literary successes should not only be an unshakable anti-feminist and anti-suffragist from humanitarian motives, but that she should take the trouble to write a book denouncing feminism and thus aid in blocking the progress of all other women in industry, in politics, in the arts and sciences! For that, if unhindered, is its logical influence. For Dr. Lombroso her career was easy sailing. She inherited it, in a sense, along with the color of her eyes and the shape of her fingernails. But for the thousands of ambitious women born among the ranks of the under-privileged the struggle for a career is desperate and bitter. For them whatever tends to advance civic equality is clear gain, and all that fosters the spirit of inequality makes their struggle in art, industry and the professions by so much the harder.

The analysis itself of "The Soul of Woman" is not without insight and perception, but the body of truth which it presents is not only not complete, but distorted. Any painter who presents as a whole that which actually is only a part knows that his picture will suffer distortion and will present only one aspect of truth. This is what has happened here. Let us get at the facts, at the premises of this book. What are they?

Woman, insists Dr. Lombroso, is not man's "equal"! Take any work of fiction or romance and try to picture as men the heroines described therein. The resulting figures would be both ridiculous and monstrous. While man is egocentric, woman is alterocentric, centring her feelings, her enjoyment, her ambition, on something or some person outside herself, usually some one whom she loves and by whom she wants to be loved. Because of woman's mission in the world and the aptitudes which this mission creates in all women, it is right, reasons the author, that woman should live in a condition of "subjugation," that she should "obey" man, that she should not have the same rights as man and that her position in society should be less important than man's! It is right that she should be cut off from fame, honor, power, the best paid and most responsible posts in public or private enterprises, that she should be bound by a moral code superior to man's and obliged to make sacrifices infinitely greater than he! These things are all "necessary to social harmony as the pipes of varying lengths and widths are all necessary to the organ's musical harmony." To many persons, such a summary, based on such premises, will appear not only incredible but hardly less than mirth-provoking. We do not relish this kind of "social harmony." No one doubts woman's "mission in the world" nor her aptitudes—but that because of these things there should follow a supine and slavish condition is unthinkable. That these so-called injustices are fundamental, irremediable, not to be palliated and not, therefore, really injustices at all, is not only an absurd deduction, but one hardly believable in this period of human enlightenment.

Gina Lombroso.

While Dr. Lombroso asserts that women of the younger generation are less despotic and intolerant than women of the older generation, precisely because they have been to schools and universities with men and have come more in contact with men in their work, she does not accept their conclusions.

The new generation (she says) looks at us of the older with wonder and commiseration. Maybe, new generation says, there was a time when woman was the victim of love and concentrated all the forces of her being on others. But this is merely the expression of an absurd and shocking atavism which we, of the younger generation, are rapidly doing away with! * * * You (she continues) are not the first generation to try to break away from the past, but always—after having satisfied her ambitions and interests, attained independence, wealth, fame and honor—woman has withdrawn, disgusted, from the general competition, realizing that she has been pursuing a shadow and neglecting to satisfy the cravings of her heart.

Woman, she declares, sways like a pendulum between her interests reflected today in the woman's rights movement and her passions, represented by her altruistic, alterocentrist and maternal instinct and love. This dualism constitutes another tragedy which man escapes. With man, instinct and interest often coincide.

Now, all of this tragedy stuff would be true enough were it not that for the modern woman the issues are never tightly drawn—at least not for the American woman. Being the product of several generations of extremes and woman's rights movements, she has come to have a certain fine balance, a blessed sense of irony and humor, and she knows how to live in several spheres and harmonize them without losing her specific gravity in any one of them.

Alterocentrism, the key to woman's nature, continues the author, implies and is expressed by activity, passionality and intuition. The characteristics due to passionality and intuition are self-confidence, obstinacy and partiality, intolerance, despotism, indecision, pride, envy, jealousy, desire for vengeance. It's not a pretty cataloguing, but we don't mind standing up to it, if it's true. As for activity, society would go to pieces if woman were not imbued with this devouring instinct to work for the sake of working. But women should be taught to "direct their activity into suitable channels, otherwise, instead of being an element of perfection, it will become an element of individual and social regression."

Woman's mind, we are told, differs from man's not so much in quantity as in quality and direction. These differences spring not from circumstances or tradition, but are fundamental. Woman has a passion for things living and a lack of interest in abstract things. She is most interested in the concrete world she lives in and the people by whom she is surrounded. Many a woman endowed with great talent would rather help a man she loves to become a great scientist, a great artist or a great politician than be a great scientist or artist herself. On the whole, concludes this paradoxical savant, this tendency of woman is far more advantageous to science and art than if she desired to contribute actively! Why should every one produce if no one is left to appreciate, launch and form a background?

Now it is highly doubtful whether the many-gifted women of today would rather form "background" for others than develop their own talents. Surely the question of creative minds and their rightful development constitutes a sharp difference between individuals rather than one between the sexes. Surely the matter of "appreciation" and "background" can safely be left to take care of itself. If there are those weak-minded persons who need "background," will they not properly find it among those who are not in themselves creative?

Woman, who has not so many

(Continued on Page 22)

Craftsmanship and American Graphic Art

An Experiment in Teaching and Some Results

By JOSEPH PENNELL

FOR years I have wanted to teach, or rather to see what effect would be wrought on students if I taught art. Or, rather, the graphic arts as I have seen them taught in Europe and I believe they were taught in the past. But I never imagined I should have the chance. There is scarcely an art school in the country where the graphic arts are not taught, but I have never seen a school in the land where they are taught either by artists of authority or where the school has been properly equipped for practical teaching.

I thought there would be no reply to my protests and appeals save the stereotyped and stencilled retort that I am a destructive critic, a grouch and a kicker. I hope I am—and I intend to do my best to destroy the smug conceit and inland ignorance which dominates this country in everything I know anything about. I know very little, but I have found that all the rest know it all. Whistler once said, "I can teach any one to draw and paint, but God Almighty alone can make him an artist." And William Morris supplemented this by insisting that if the student could draw and paint—and yet was not an artist—he might be trained as a craftsman.

This solid fact has scarce yet struck the American art educator—who is all for high art, foreign scholarships and prizes—never remembering that, though one person with more money than he knows what to do with may leave it to encourage one student, he discourages all the rest in the year the prize is awarded. In nine cases out of ten the prize student spends the money abroad, trying to live as he would at home, and talking in more or less good American in Paris to his fellow so-called American students about what the French are doing, as though he was still in Kalamazoo. Indeed, for mentally, morally and intellectually he still is, was and always will be there. When he returns he finds the other fellow, or the other girl, has got the job and that, despite his years abroad, he has now to make his way—on what? For his scholarship has ceased—till he gets something to do.

Or, if he stays here, he finds himself one of a bunch of from 400 to 4,000 (so they claim) in some schools, all with about the same ability, all trying for the same murals, all doing the same illustration, all painting the same sort of picture in the same manner, all of it learned in the same way. Possibly one or two each year come through and make good, the rest disappear into some easier game, or write to me asking what they shall do with what they have learned. They do not know what to do with it themselves. And, of course, they have no ideas. An eminent—the most eminent—British art educator was in New York last Spring and he said: "I have never seen so many pupils who were so clever—almost brilliant, some of them—and I have never seen so few who had anything to say for themselves, or knew how to say it, save in imitation of some one else." That was exactly what I felt.

And when, just a year ago, the Art Student's League asked me to start a department of the Graphic Arts, I jumped at it. Here, at last, was the chance to prove the theories of Whistler and Morris. I found, first, that there was no proper machinery in the school—there is none in any school in the East that I know of for etching and lithography—I knew that if I wished to get on I must work with the trade, but not with the union, and I found the trade (suffering at that moment from a lithographic strike) willing to work with me. A room was given me—a room scarce big enough to swing a cat—but the trade gave me, and the school purchased, what I wanted, and in a small way I fitted up the place with presses as I had fitted up my own shop. I have no studio.

The next thing was to get the students. From the letters and appeals I had received I supposed, as soon as the books were opened, there would be hundreds of applicants. About thirty applied and the truth of what I had heard, that the average American don't want to work, doesn't want to soil his lily white hands, or his reach-me-down clothes, was borne in upon me. Out of this thirty I selected about twelve. I may have made mistakes but I only took those who had done something. This seems to me the first qualification. Such qualifications are demanded abroad—but rarely considered here—in a "pay school," and I know of no really free schools—they are mostly run for somebody's benefit.

In Germany, the only country where the graphic arts are properly taught—the school which supplies this country with graphic artists and craftsmen in the lithographic trade—the pupils in the Leipsic Book Work School—all have to show a diploma from a German gymnasium and examples of work done in an art academy, and the expenses are paid by the State and the book trades. In spite of Germany's condition this school is at work or was a few months ago.

The ten or twelve students accepted came from all over the country—there was one from the Royal College of Arts and I should think Sir Frank Short must have been glad to get rid of him. I was anyway when he vanished. Among the rest were teachers, real artists, really charming creatures, and mere men, but with one or two exceptions, they had no idea how to use the talents they possessed, or the knowledge of drawing they had gained in the schools they came from. Schools situated all over the land.

They were utterly and blankly ignorant of all the great work of the past and of the present, but upon the success or fashion of the moment. They mostly seemed to think that in at least a month, if not a moment, they could learn all about etching and lithography and win prizes for etchings and make bill boards after one lesson, and so make a fortune for they knew they could do better work than those who are said to be rolling in motors. The lesson they got consisted in grounding copper plates and graining lithographic stones. To my surprise, a curious thing happened—they liked it, and I saw charming ladies and muscular males with their arms to the shoulders covered with wet sand and their finger tips burned and their gowns with holes in them, bitten by acid. They wanted to use gloves—but I told them to go in the painting class if they wanted to do that.

The next week they did not exhibit etchings or stick up lithographs on billboards, but they went a step further, until finally they themselves printed on the school presses the etchings and lithographs they had made in the school. For eight months they continued the work in these two crafts, and I venture to say they have, by doing the work themselves, got a knowledge of these two crafts, or a foundation on which to practice them, that they could get in no other way or in no other school. Somehow the school got known, not only to the other pupils and other schools of New York, but all over the United States. Students came before the end of the year from Maine to Seattle and from New Orleans to Georgia; and they stayed and stuck at it the whole school year. I began with ten in the class and ended with it filled and a waiting list.

It proved that what the American art student wants is practical training—and when it is given him he gets interested and works himself or herself. I have tried to teach—I have taught this year the graphic arts as a trade, which artists and not artless cafs should practice. I have taught etching and lithography as medicine and law and mechanics and, in a few schools, architecture are taught, as crafts and trades, thus proving to themselves that in certain crafts they are learning to do things, which is the greatest incentive to students, and I have proved it, and the students have proved it, too—which is much more important.

Six months after the school began an exhibition of my students' work was opened at the Anderson Galleries and, though it was considerably better than any other exhibition of contemporary American etching held in New York this year, it was dismissed mostly as "students' work." So it was, but trained students, not untrained duffers posing as artists, fooling the critics—or those who call themselves critics.

But what's all this got to do with art, or with us any way? asks the business man. Simply this: At the present time in lithography there is scarce an artist in this country, save my students, who can make a lithograph that will print. (I believe there are some at the Ohio Mechanics Institute.) The artist makes a drawing on a painting, this has to be copied by photography, or a German—the whole number nearly of the litho artists in this country are Germans—the life and go taken out of it before it is etched by another man, the prover, and rolled up ready to print.

I am trying to teach these students to make drawings and to do all these things, so that they will print without the intervention of any middle men who are not artists. The schools of France, Germany, and Great Britain are giving pupils this technical information and practice, and sending their graduates over here to do our work. Why should we not do the work ourselves? I have proved that we can. The lithographic trade believes we can, and the New York group and Philadelphia firms are supporting us with machinery and tools. The League will give us much more room next year, and I shall also have the aid of C. B. Falls, the best color printer here, to support me with his technical knowledge, while F. W. Goudy, the printer and type designer, will lecture on these crafts.

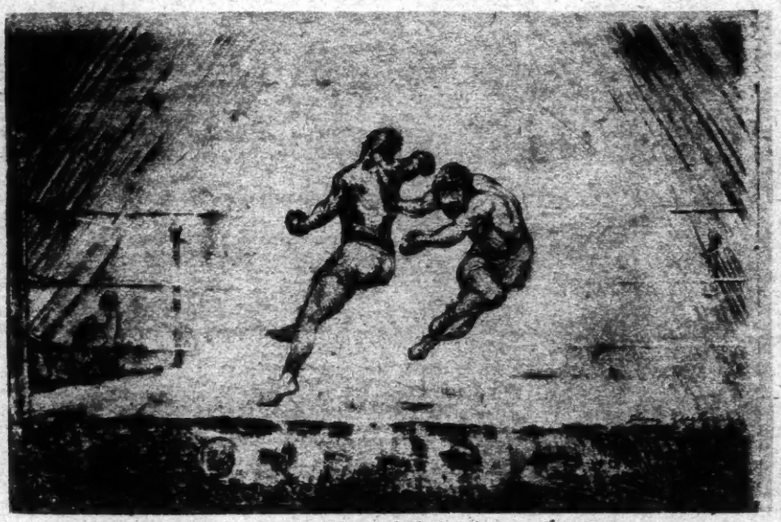
It is a beginning, an almost too successful beginning, because another American trait—the moment a person does one thing, and that usually is all he does, he is ruined by praise, or else he does the same thing all his life. But the radio has taken his place. Then, as that forgotten American author (one of the very few we have had), Henry James, said, speaking of the American genius, "All their geese are swans, and all their swans are geese."

The graphic arts and the decorative arts are a vital part of all industry, of all business. But the manufacturer and the business man, or most of his clan, do not know it or care or think about it. If Ford had the faintest glimmering of art he would encourage art—and not buy historic pubs and fill them with old junk. We have now and at once to start industrial art schools, or to reorganize those we have completely. There is not one single industrial art and craft school in New York City, or even in the United States, for that matter, properly equipped with masters or machinery. Else we shall find out that foreigners are doing our art and craft work for us—while we sit snugly by, the delight of mothers' meetings, university professors and advertising millionaires. We don't want these people's help, we haven't got it at the League Art School, but we have the support of the lithographic trade. What we do want is, as in Europe, the support for art of the City Government, the State Government, the National Government.

The student of English passes from primary school to university under a definite, too definite, system. The same idea should be properly applied to industrial art education. Then we might even get a museum director against whom no such charge as those of purchasing fakes could be brought; we even might get a standard in art criticism. And we would get an American art and standard, an art made by ourselves for ourselves, instead of copying out-of-date and unsalable junk which can't be sold in Europe or museum pieces at absurd and ridiculous prices. Nothing is good in this country which is not expensive, and few expensive art works are good. And we would get with good schools, directed by good artists, good American art founded on the traditions of the past, instead of cubism, expressionism and copies—art which would set an American standard and form an American school that foreigners would wonder at instead of patronizing when they come over here, really to peddle their own wares they mostly can't sell at home.

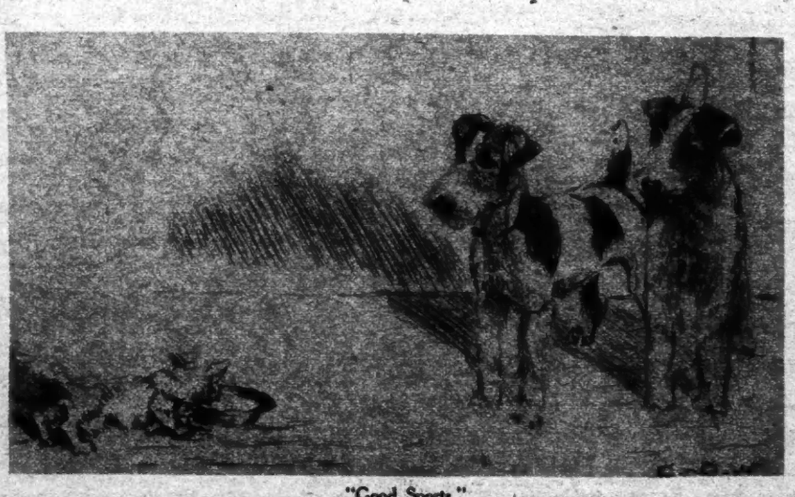
America must have good industrial art or go to the wall, good schools or go under. We have a good conceit of ourselves. There are good pupils, but there is no good training ground—we must put up or shut up in art. Despite our museums, our art clubs, our prizes, our scholarships, our millionaires on the outlook for ads out of art, we must have technically trained artists and craftsmen instead of half-cut amateurs.

The Art Students' League in one year has shown the way. Will it be intelligently followed or stupidly imitated?



"Fast and Furious."

Lithograph on Stone by H. Ziegler.



"Good Sports."

Drypoint by Edith Dory Wilson.

The Great Mogul and His Indian Holbeins

Art of Seventeenth Century Court Painters of the East

A Review by
W. G. TINCKOM-FERNANDEZ

INDIAN DRAWINGS: Thirty Mogul Paintings of the School of Jahangir (seventeenth century) and Four Panels of Calligraphy in the Wantage Bequest. Victoria and Albert Museum Portfolios. Text by C. Stanley Clarke. London. 7s. 6d.

IT is satisfying to note that the romance of early cultural contacts between East and West illumine the commercial contacts that so rapidly lost their pristine romantic colors. It is also worth remembering that the first curiosity in each other's culture began with the East. While the Venetians were exploiting the Levant and later, when the Dutch and English were giving Europe the produce that poured into their Asiatic entrepôts during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the Oriental potentates who granted their concessions were perpetually curious as to the art and culture of Europe.

This curiosity began in ancient times. After the abortive invasion of Alexander in 327 B. C. had roused India's interest in Europe, Megasthenes recorded the naïve story of the Indian Emperor Bindusara. When the Ambassador of Antiochus Soter was leaving India on furlough Bindusara requested of his master some figs, raisin wine and a Greek sophist. To which the Syrian monarch, in sending the Indian rajah his figs and wine, politely intimated that the Greeks did not trade in philosophers. In 1480 Sultan Mohammed II., during the heyday of Venetian trade, invited the Doge to visit Constantinople, and to send him a painter. The Doge declined the invitation, but sent Gentile Bellini with two assistants to represent Italian art. Dr. F. R. Martin, in his monumental study of miniature painting in Turkey, Persia and India, has traced the influence of Bellini upon Moslem pictorial art, especially on the great Persian master Bihzad. Some examples of Gentile's Constantinople experience may be seen in Boston. Nor was this influence one-sided: during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the influence of Asiatic art upon Europe was enormous.

But Oriental curiosity about European art remained insatiable. The Mogul Emperors examined the religious examples shown them by Jesuit missionaries and ordered their Court painters to reproduce them. The fidelity displayed survives in the journal of Sir Thomas Roe, the Ambassador of James I., who had shown Jahangir an English miniature. The Mogul had five copies made and challenged Roe to distinguish his original. The "Martyrdom of St. Cecilia," in the Wantage Bequest, is a typical copy of one of the religious paintings of the Jesuits. Mr. Clarke tells us:

> The deep outer border of the buff-colored mount is decorated in colors and gold with Mogul seventeenth century flowering-plant motives, resembling those used both in the carved and inlaid pietra dura ornamentation of the Taj Mahal at Agra (1632-54) and of Shah Jehan's Palace at Delhi. From the point of view of similarity these naturalistic plant-forms are possibly even more closely allied to those which appear in the designs of the famous woolen-pile carpets made in the imperial factory at Lahore about 1630. * * * the residue of this consignment of Mogul carpets is still preserved in the Maharaja's Palace at Jaipur.

We commend that last sentence to certain American firms who today practically control the output as much as they dictate the inferior designs of the carpets produced at Lahore and Amritsar. It may intrigue their commercial as well as their artistic imagination into giving us designs at once authentic and classic. On the reverse of this copy of St. Cecilia, as is customary in Mogul portfolios and books, there is an illuminated panel of calligraphy by Mulla Mir Ali of Herat (1518), with the following Persian quatrain which, as in the Wantage and other examples, is typically irrelevant to the subject, but which reminds us how intimately painting was allied to the Mogul love of poetry.

> Never be a calumniator wherever you may find yourself,
> Lest you become known as a slanderer.
> Do not tell the secrets of your heart little by little to every one,
> Even though you may have hundreds of tongues like a comb.

When we remember that Moslem religious tradition forbids pictorial art this insatiable curiosity about European art is remarkable. In the East India Company records the dry mercantile letter of their factor William Garway, in 1658, contains the request of the Shah of Persia for an English "lymbner." The Board of Directors solemnly record their resolution to send a good artist, if any. None was sent: they did not share the grand manner of their Venetian protagonists. The academician and restless favorite of George III., John Zoffany, went to India and painted some of his best pictures of Indian rajahs, merchants and English "nabobs" during his stay from 1783 to 1790.

But the voracious white ant and fish insect, together with the dampness of the monsoons, have wrought havoc with the seventeenth and eighteenth century books and portfolios, which contained some of the finest Mogul miniatures. Indeed, this art is peculiarly an adjunct to literature, being closely associated, in the Asiatic tradition, with the manuscript bibelôt. The Orient, because of its calligraphy, is not partial to the art of printing. The ideographs of China demand a fine brush. In Persia and India the medieval arts of the copyist and illuminator survived to the twentieth century. The cursive Arabic script, classic in the Moslem world because of the Koran, happily lent itself to design in arts and crafts. In its formal architectural guise it is known in the uncial form of Kufic, employed for Koranic texts, and to be deciphered by the epigraphist and archaeologist. Thus the literature of the Moslem world happily wedded the arts of the painter and calligraphist. With the thirty-six drawings in the Wantage Bequest there are thirty panels of calligraphy. Drawings from the poems of Hafiz and Sadi, who were favorites with Emerson, from the Persian epic "Shah Nameh" of Firdausi, are scattered through European and American museums. The fact that both miniature painter and calligraphist signed their work made the twin arts the choice possession of Mogul royalty and nobility.

Other reasons secured this felicitous union, of which the chief was the imperial custom of writing dynastic memoirs and annals. Translations of these Mogul memoirs were once scarce and expensive: they are now published by the Oxford Press in popular editions, and make delightful biographical reading. The Moguls were perpetually mindful in India of their alien race and religion. They never forgot that after their ancestor Babur conquered India in 1526, and founded their dynasty, his son Humayun was temporarily driven out and only regained his throne by Persian assistance. Thus India remained their armed camp. As aliens they derived their culture, their art and literature, from Persia. Until the middle of their reign Persian was their Court language; and Urdu, a combination of Persian and Hindu, invented for administrative use, means "camp language," and is the Hindustani of today. Babur, contemporary of Henry VIII.; Akbar, the greatest of the Moguls, to whom Elizabeth wrote a letter; Jahangir and Shah Jehan were the outstanding rulers who zealously wrote their memoirs or had their annals recorded for an uncertain posterity. Like Henry VIII., they had their Holbeins to preserve the features of emperors, princes, statesmen, soldiers, ascetics and, less frequently, ladies. But Henry VIII. never showed the same enthusiastic knowledge of Holbein as his Indian contemporary, the soldier-poet Babur, or this Emperor's great-grandson, Jahangir, showed of their Mogul artists. Says Jahangir in his memoirs:

> On this day Abdul Hasan, the painter, who has been honored with the title of "Wonder of the Age," drew the picture of my accession. * * * As it is worthy of all praise he received endless favors. His work was perfect, and his picture one of the chefs d'oeuvre of the age. At the present time he has no rival or equal. If at this day the masters Abdul Haz and Bihzad were alive they would have done him justice. From his earliest years up to the present time I have always looked after him, till his art has arrived at this rank. Truly he has become the "Wonder of the Age."

So specialized was the art that Mogul painters were famous for details. One drew the outline for another to paint, while a third added the head or dress or a fourth the background, and the calligrapher, who decorated the borders with text, shared the honors with the painters. Jahangir was no ruler, and for the first time during his seventeenth century régime, India knew "petticoat government" under his capable Queen, Nur Jahan; but Jahangir was a royal connoisseur and fancied himself as an expert.

> As regards myself, my liking for painting and my practice in judging it have arrived at such a point that when any work is brought before me, either of deceased artists or of those of the present day, without names being told me, I say in the space of a moment that it is the work of such and such a man. And if there be a picture containing many portraits, and each face be the work of a different master, I can discover which face is the work of each of them. If any other person has put in the eye and eyebrow of a face, I can perceive whose work the original face is, and who has painted the eyes and eyebrows.

Such royal patronage gave these Court painters their great vogue. While the purdah tradition strictly obtained, yet many charming feminine studies indicate that the veil was sometimes lifted for the artist. For a woman like Jahangir's Queen, Nur Jahan ("Light of the World"), it was certainly lifted, for she was the real ruler of his India and even issued her own coinage. The Wantage example reproduced is of the early seventeenth century, and happily reveals the artistic scope of both painter and calligrapher. The art of the Persian gardener is preserved along with the fact that frescoes were not uncommon in the imperial palaces. The Chinese rug in the foreground indicates a catholicity of taste. Through Tibet Chinese art found its way to Indian bazaars. A Court favorite once broke a piece in a Chinese porcelain set of Jahangir and was obliged to make the difficult journey to China in search of a duplicate. It should be noted that while Nur Jahan's party was in

(Continued on Page 21)

Murtaza Khan, Paymaster General of the Mogul Army, 1605 to 1616.

By Manohar.

Empress Nur Jahan, India's Petticoat Ruler, Entertaining the Emperor and Their Son.

The Other Side of Their Heads

Fads of Great Men All Remind Us

By AUGUSTA SHUFORD

THE man who said of a neighbor, "Lawyers call him a musician and musicians call him a lawyer," probably did not intend to veil a compliment with his irony. But pedagogues and practical philosophers have reiterated the sentiment,

"I would go without shirt or shoe,
Friend, tobacco or bread,
Sooner than lose for a moment the two
Separate sides of my head"

until the man in the street has become fairly familiar with the balance which an avocation or fad pursued during the margin of leisure is admitted to give the mental machinery of an individual.

If healthy exercise along a side line is good for the average man, much more essential is it for the person of great talent or power in any particular field. Dr. Charles L. Dana, one of the greatest living neurologists and psychiatrists, expressed himself in a recent address as being inclined to look more favorably upon a young physician when he learned that the man cultivated a talent for music, for instance, as an avocation; and some wit who does not have to be responsible for the consequences of the prescription has advised a fad as the best preventive of divorce.

Aside from their practical value, the fads, tastes and amusements of the famous have always possessed a peculiar fascination for the average man—perhaps because when seen through the medium of the things in which they are merely amateurs the great appear to be more human and thus more like ourselves than in the isolation of the fields in which they are masters. Gladstone chopping trees, Lincoln whittling a stick while telling a joke, ex-President Wilson missing a golf ball, or even Bernard Shaw cranking up his motorcycle or the late Pierpont Morgan singing a hymn in church, way off pitch, but with more temperament than he might have put into a billion-dollar deal, is irresistible to the imagination.

Probably because of its association with Nero, the picture of a fiddling statesman has never been popular. This prejudice may account for the comparative rarity with which one finds his passion for music mentioned in references to Thomas Jefferson. Legend, however, links it up with his choice of a career, by tracing the friendship that existed between him and Patrick Henry to the fact that both played the violin. When Patrick Henry came to Williamsburg, Va., to seek admission to the bar, he stopped with his musical friend, Thomas Jefferson, then in his year of wandering—only it was purely psychological wandering—having finished his education and not yet decided upon his life work, and Henry confided his plans to Jefferson.

His legal education up to this time had been entirely accomplished in six weeks, and the cautious Jefferson did not consider this preparation sufficient, but advised his impetuous friend to go home and study law at least two weeks longer. Henry, however, contended that the best way to study law was to practice it, and history seems to have proved him right. Anyway, he got away with it, and the story goes that it was his example and association that determined Jefferson to adopt the legal profession, although from the first it was the literary side, rather than the practice, that attracted him. Whether or not the story is true—and who can ever know?—both were, as young men, violinists of no small merit and ardent lovers of music all their lives.

Statesmen, except a few, both at home and abroad seem singularly free from fantastic tastes. Perhaps if they were possessed of such they sacrificed them on the altar of their public positions. Most of them are inviolable of no fad more sensational than some form of conventional sport or artistic interest. Cleveland shot duck and fished; Bismarck, Gladstone and Lord Balfour found listening to music an antidote for political worries, the first preferring "passionate, heroic music"; the late Lord Harcourt sought diversion in art exhibitions; Walpole in hunting and what are called "smoking-room stories"; Palmerston in billiards, and Carteret in Homer.

Charles Fox divided his leisure between the gaming table and reading the classics; Derby shot and raced; and Henry Clay, it is said, "stood ready to back his opinion concerning a Presidential election, a horse race or a dog fight, and with it all he held himself perfectly responsible—having fought two duels and engaged in various minor 'misunderstandings.'" Landscape gardening on a large scale furnished Chatham with a real avocation and Burke went in for vegetable gardening with turnip culture as a specialty.

Benjamin Franklin—painter, scientist, statesman, diplomat, author, philosopher and religionist—still holds the record as the most versatile of Americans. But he has a good second, if not a rival, in Theodore Roosevelt, who in addition to being everything else, must not fail to be placed on record as one of the few literary critics that ever picked a winner: namely, when he chose Edwin Arlington Robinson, then unknown to fame, as the greatest living American poet.

Passing to men of science and art, the plot thickens, and sometimes it becomes difficult to disentangle the main and the side lines in a career of genius. Lewis Carroll is probably better known as a writer of children's books than as a mathematician. Perhaps few know that he was also a photographer of merit, that he built a studio in which to practice this art and made pictures of his friends and acquaintances. And this was before the days when amateur photography was easy or popular.

Every school child knows that Morse was the inventor of the telegraph, but how many grown people associate his name with "The Dying Hercules," which took a sculpture prize of the year, or with his once famous portrait of Lafayette, or remember that he was the first President of the National Academy of Design of New York City?

Thoreau was so ardent an anti-slavery enthusiast that he personally rang the church bell when Emerson gave his first anti-slavery address in Concord, and also gave refuge to fugitive slaves at Walden.

Herbert Spencer made music his relaxation. He understood the science of musical composition and was familiar in detail with the best work of the great composers. Another, and more diverting, of his minor industries was the invention of a contrivance for the protection of his thoughts from undesired intrusions. The philosopher was fond of thinking his own thoughts undisturbed—and he remained a bachelor through life. But even bachelordom has its harassments; he lived in boarding houses. So when the chatter of his fellow-boarders threatened to get on his nerves, instead of having himself made deaf like the suffering "Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" in Anatole France's farce, he merely constructed for himself a pair of ear-muffs which fitted over his head with a spring.

These he carried about in his pocket and when conversation began to bore him, or a lecture or a concert, all he had to do was to clap on his muffs and at once he was alone with his thoughts wherever he happened to be. The story sounds well. But many who have suffered as he and the husband of the once "dumb wife" suffered and whose inventive genius has failed them in their efforts to get relief, will find it difficult not to be "from Missouri." If only he had left the world his formula for constructing effective ear-muffs, a not inconsiderable portion of posterity might be more grateful to him today than are some of those people who were required to read his "Synthetic Philosophy" in their college years.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is so well known as both a neurologist and a novelist that mention of his name would seem superfluous were it not for the fact that he was also a recognized authority on poisonous serpents, to which subject he had devoted some years of his early life. His literary work began at the age of 50, during his Summer leisure, and besides this avocation he found recreation in no less strenuous exercise than mountain-climbing and salmon-fishing.

Robert McCormick, the inventor, was fond of both classical literature and the pure sciences, particularly astronomy.

In the creative arts there is to be expected a noticeable overlapping of interests. Thomas Hardy began life as an architect. His first published work was a prize essay on "Colored Brick and Terra Cotta in Architecture," and many critics hold that much of the art of his novels is due to the sense of form and of proportions which were so essential a part of his equipment as an architect.

Voltaire was one of the most versatile of literary geniuses, and his versatility had at least one outlet rather unusual with men of artistic talent. He possessed not only a "turn" but decided ability as a financier, and the story of his importations of wheat from Barbary and its sale for the consumption of the troops during the war between France and Italy has a thrill all its own; while the account of the scheme which he "put over" for turning to his own advantage the persecutions of the Catholics in Geneva by founding a town through inviting to it persecuted watchmakers and silk weavers, building factories and making a fortune for himself, would rival the most ambitious exploits of a successful real estate promoter in a newly discovered oil field.

In contrast with his taste was that of Victor Hugo, whose fad was for entertaining children and who is said to have possessed a special talent for planning and organizing Christmas parties. Another of his indulgences was keeping a room in his home for the use of literary persons in temporary distress.

Most New Yorkers, if not Americans, will remember that Edmund Clarence Stedman was both poet and banker, in the ratio of about fifty-fifty.

Joseph Jefferson had considerable reputation as a painter of the impressionistic school. In fact, his pictures are said to show a pleasing resemblance to those of Corot. Another favorite actor, who, though still living, has retired from the stage, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, is a painter of no small merit.

The caricatures of Caruso are almost as familiar as are the photograph records of his singing, and his various collections, particularly of coins, testify to the versatility of his interests.

"I would go without shirt or shoe,
Friend, tobacco or bread,
Sooner than lose for a moment the two
Separate sides of my head."

American "big business" men have apparently been keen to sense and seize the virtues of a fad. Peter Cooper, who has been called "America's first business man," was an inventor, manufacturer, financier, philanthropist and philosopher. John Jay's life was divided into three terms of twenty-eight years each, the first devoted to preparation, the second to business and the third, after his retirement to his ancestral farm at Bedford, Westchester County, to raising watermelons and "sheep that would not jump fences." Stephen Girard, merchant, mariner and philanthropist, who is most generally known as the queer Philadelphia man with short legs and long arms who left a college to the city to which no clergyman, preacher or priest should ever become a trustee, during the last twenty years of his life made daily trips to his farm and worked like a laborer with his trees and flowers.

Of Carnegie it is alleged that he would rather be remembered as an author than as an iron master, and he is credited with having said that if he had his life to live over he would be a librarian. Fortunately one can take this statement with as much salt as one chooses, but unquestionably he found sprinkling the country with libraries an avocation dear to his soul, as was also playing with authorship.

P. T. Barnum apparently found in politics a refuge from the harassments of museums and circuses. Whether or not constituents were more sympathetic or more romantic than elephants and midgets, at least they were different. He was a conspicuous member of the Connecticut Legislature and once ran for Congress.

Coming to those who stand in the limelight today, Mr. Lloyd George admits to finding surcease from the burdens of statecraft in Welsh songs. Lord Curzon and Lord Lansdowne visit art salesrooms. Mr. Bonar Law cultivates a taste for chess as an alternative to affairs of State, and Mr. Asquith prefers bridge. Mr. Churchill paints, and Mr. Chamberlain indulges a fondness for the culture of orchids.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, best known just now as a spiritualist, although he was once a novelist and still earlier a physician, has time and mind between his lectures and seances for cycling and playing golf and billiards.

Thomas Edison, who is considered to be one of the most hard-working men in the world, allows himself vacations of rough camping expeditions, and is credited with having said that at 75 he expected "to wear loud waistcoats with fancy buttons, also gaiter tops," at 80 "to learn to play bridge whist and to talk foolishly to ladies," at 85 "to wear a full-dress suit every evening for dinner," and beyond that he had "no definite plans." In the meantime he has apparently found a soul-satisfying avocation in framing questionnaires to ensnare the unwary along the by-paths of information.

Bernard Shaw, when asked to name his recreations, acknowledged to "anything except sport," and stated that his "exercise" consisted of cycling, swimming and public speaking. With H. G. Wells, hockey seems to be a passion second only to "world-fixing," and after both he adores driving his own car, which he is reputed to do somewhat after the temperamental fashion with which Mr. Britling drove Gladys.

James Joyce, the author of "Ulysses," once considered being a professional singer, and still exercises a "phenomenally beautiful tenor voice" for the enjoyment of himself and his friends. Amato, baritone beloved to operagoers, is said to be an expert electrical engineer, and to devote a large portion of his vacations to the personal running of a powerful electric plant at his Summer home.

It remains for Dr. Emile Coué to go on record by his own admission as having formerly devoted his leisure to working in his garden, but as no longer having "time for the least diversion."

Development of Photography

THE COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHER. By R. Child Bayley. Illustrated. 450 pp. New and revised edition. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company. $5.

THE first edition of this work by Mr. Bayley, who is an English authority on non-professional photography, editor of a leading English periodical on that subject and author of several volumes on its different phases, appeared in 1906. As photography has had many and important developments since then he has revised the work throughout for this new edition and has completely rewritten several of the chapters, such as those on the hand cameras and on orthochromatic and color photography, thus bringing the whole subject well up to date with regard both to mechanical development and the evolution of processes and methods. The chapter on "Pictorial Photography" has a brief account of the change in the United States in the attitude of the art world generally and of the painter in particular toward photography and of the development of the Photo Secession movement, ending with a two-page letter from its leader, Alfred Steiglitz, wherein he analyses some of the causes which led to and are directing it. A dozen pages are devoted to color photography, the author first explaining its most important scientific features and then going on to some of the processes as thus far developed, especially the autochrome and the Paget color plates.

Not the least among the interesting features of the book are its illustrations, of which there are sixty-five page plates from photographs of special interest, and a frontispiece reproduced by color photography. Among the portraits is a very striking picture of Aubrey Beardsley, noteworthy for the clever disposition of the hands in order to make them equally important with the countenance in the portrayal of character.

Consultation on Unemployment

Causes and Cures of Recurrent Ills

THE ECONOMICS OF UNEMPLOYMENT. By J. A. Hobson. 157 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

CYCLES OF UNEMPLOYMENT IN THE UNITED STATES, 1903-1922. By William A. Berridge. The Pollak Foundation for Economic Research Series. 86 pp. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND OUR REVENUE PROBLEM. By John Sturgis Codman. 64 pp. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc.

PROFESSOR HOBSON is an English liberal, an economist of radical tendencies, but definitely anti-Socialist. His present study is a statement of his views on unemployment and it is likely to evoke sharp controversy among the more orthodox scholars. The theory offered, however, is essentially his own and it cannot be disregarded in any adequate consideration of the problem.

Because his argument is so definitely original it should be seen in perspective before it is appraised. He assumes that industrial depressions and unemployment are caused by the normal tendency of production to exceed the rate of consumption. The world makes more than mankind can now use and consequently there are stoppages until surplus stores are accumulated.

He finds that both workers and managers give evidence of their belief in this doctrine by their restriction of output. The bricklayer or the compositor limits his individual output in order to make work for himself and others. The industrial combination controls its production in order to avoid unsalable surpluses. Business man and trade unionist, each for himself, seeks to avoid the creation of more goods than can be consumed at desirable prices.

Production outruns consumption in his thesis because of the wide disparity in the incomes of the rich and the poor. He holds that an excessive share of the general income goes to the rich and through them to capital accumulation. Thus the proportion between spending and saving is disturbed. The checks on production cited by the classical economists—the falling rate of interest and falling prices—are inadequate, in his experience, to prevent industrial depression and unemployment.

In order to prevent periodic stoppage of work he insists a redistribution of the general income is required. He would raise wages and the workers' standard of living and increase the sums used by the State for public purposes. Through these measures he would secure a higher rate of consumption.

The better distribution of income he seeks would reduce the proportion of saving, but it would not lessen the amount of saving. Production would be increased and consequently both consumption and saving might be enlarged. The increase in the workers' income and in taxes would necessarily diminish the rate of profit and thus, according to the Hobson hypothesis, diminish the danger of credit inflation. With smaller potential profits the temptation to speculation would be less.

For, he says, if the actual industrial system were kept in regular and full employment by the removal of restrictions in the market, speculation and expansion of credit would be confined to narrow limits. In his thinking the roots or irregularity and fluctuation of industry are not to be found in the miscalculations of business men nor in the aberrations of the monetary system, but rather in the defects of distribution and demand. Therefore he would prevent unemployment by changing the methods of distribution so as to enlarge the general demand.

This theory of unemployment is composed of some elements which are universally acknowledged and of others which are commonly rejected. That production does outrun consumption in many lines none can deny. The falling prices of wheat since the war are proof enough that more wheat has been raised than can be consumed, under existing conditions. The shut-down of factories during the depression of 1920 was familiar to every one. But on the matter of too much saving he will be challenged.

The conventional view is just the opposite. According to the orthodox economist the increasing consumption during good times so augments demand that prices are raised beyond capacity of the public. Manufacturers and merchants and bankers overestimate the possibility of profits and a season of poverty is needed to restore normal conditions. Instead of there being too much saving, too little thrift is accounted the cause of the trouble. Professor Hobson's challenge to this doctrine may stimulate detailed studies which should afford convenient tests of truth in this field.

The fact is, however, that public expenditure is increasing and with it the State's share of the public income is being enlarged. The President's Commission on Unemployment, over which Secretary Hoover presided, laid great stress on the withholding of public works during good times and the stimulation of such expenditures during a depression in order to stabilize conditions. To this extent the British economist's view is already accepted.

The enlargement of the share of the general income allotted to wage workers and the salaried classes depends on conditions beyond control. No laboratory tests are possible in this field. Not, therefore, until the change Professor Hobson advocates has been brought about will it be possible to pronounce finally upon the wisdom of his views. But that any effort to bring them into practice will be stoutly opposed, no one need doubt.

On the whole, however, the Hobson book should do as much to invite fundamental thinking about unemployment as anything published since Sir William Beveridge's classic volume with which, incidentally, the present author is at points in profound disagreement.

Of a totally different character is William A. Berridge's study of the "Cycles of Unemployment in the United States." This book was awarded the first prize by the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research, and the findings of the author were included in the report published by the President's Conference on Unemployment.

Dr. Berridge is the young economist absorbed in statistical computations. He affords the perfect contrast to such a veteran as J. A. Hobson, who is now engaged in distilling the philosophy of his earlier inquiries and of those of other men. The American student was concerned to discover an index of employment so that unemployment might be measured. The lack of a national system of employment exchanges or of any general statistics rendered the task difficult.

By ingenious methods Dr. Berridge took certain data of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics and of the New York State Industrial Commission and built out of them a sort of thermometer of employment. This index was studied in its relationship to the business cycles of the present century.

Without such figures as are obtained through labor exchanges it is not possible in this country to speak assuredly concerning unemployment or even of a labor shortage. But it is practicable to suggest the relative variations in unemployment. That Dr. Berridge has done more satisfactorily than any of his predecessors. Some time it may be expected actual accounting will be kept of employment and unemployment, and estimates arrived at by long mathematical detours will then be obsolete. But until the facts are obtained the Berridge calculations should prove highly useful. Certainly no better information concerning the state of the labor market is available.

"Unemployment and Our Revenue Problem" is a skillfully written tract in support of the single tax theory. Mr. Codman evinces a restraint unusual among the followers of Henry George by avoiding the mention of the phrase. Nevertheless, he keeps close to the doctrine.

Mr. Codman advances the thesis that private ownership of land results in a situation in which non-production is at times more profitable to landlords than work would be. He argues the case deftly. The monopoly of land is, of course, a factor in unemployment, but it is absurd to attribute to landlordism entire responsibility for industrial depression and the involuntary idleness of the workers.

Unemployment is not so simple a phenomenon as the studies of the scholars mobilized by Secretary Hoover have shown. Still, if it is necessary to present a distorted view of any subject, it is pleasant to have it done in such lucid language as Mr. Codman brings to his cause.

Diving for Dimes in Madison Square's Fountain of Youth.
Drawn by Eugene M. Frandsen.

New York City for Visitors

(Continued from Page 10)

things you mustn't miss. The asterisks are open to argument, but, of course, must be regarded as essential, for in a city of seven million people one cannot see everything, and even the subways only stop at each fifth street. No one, for instance, unless she came from Kansas, would think of reading all the books in the Public Library, where even the pictures are less excellent than well meaning.

In the main the asterisks are, I think, judiciously awarded. Both the Grand Central and the Pennsylvania stations have two, which leaves the rivalry between them still undecided, yet raises these depots to the status of a large alabaster retable of the fifteenth century which has come to the Metropolitan Museum from Spain, which also has two asterisks. On the other hand, Cleopatra's Needle in Central Park has only one asterisk and thus barely graduates as a sight worth seeing, possibly because it has a twin on the Thames Embankment, which fact, however, suggests that the Queen used her pair of needles not so much for sewing as for knitting.

Mr. Rider claims that New York, which had only 22,000 inhabitants in 1766, when Tenth Street was reckoned far uptown, is now the largest aggregation of people in the world. Although the city was not retained as the capital whether of the United States or of New York State, it has overtaken Boston and Philadelphia, and now apparently London itself. That is a truly terrifying triumph. It is not as a rule from the cities great in size that the great men come. Washington, Lincoln, Shakespeare, Goethe, Dante and many another were born and bred in the smaller towns or the country. The skyscraper assuredly exalts bricks and mortar, but it is apt to dwarf mankind. What you may be sure of in the big city is the big problem. Sociologists are already warning New York that it would be mere megalomania to become a metropolis of twenty or thirty millions.

As a population is concentrated, so in geometrical progression do the risks multiply. With every million of passengers during the rush hour a breakdown of even five minutes becomes an added danger and inconvenience. With every million of homes and children a stoppage of transport, whether of food, milk or coal, causes added suffering. If New York continues to grow indefinitely, the avenues will fail to accommodate the automobiles daily seeking the centre of the city. At the time, the plan of a chessboard seemed sound enough to those who developed the city. But the oblongs were set east and west, where the traffic is light, instead of north and south, where the traffic is heavy. And now it is not easy to rectify the error. No city in the world has a greater area of unnecessary streets, and few cities are so ill provided with convenient playgrounds for children.

What her statesmen have to realize is that the very magnitude of their parish is a hostage given to peace. Industrial war might be a grave embarrassment to an area so dependent as is New York on a distant supply of water, electricity, gas, coal, food. Obviously New York could not stand one day of a close siege. In two days her millions would be dying of thirst. Nor can any one, regarding that unprecedented accumulation of skyscrapers which forms downtown Manhattan, forbear the observation that if aerial warfare is fully accomplished by science not one of these towers and pinnacles will survive the big bombardment. How New York is "defended" by forts is set forth in these pages with a naïve gravity. For a city built heavenward there is no defense except peace. Once assume war, and prudence will build in quite the opposite direction.

THE WORLD OF ART: *Some of the Season's Art Books*

"Café Royal, No. 2." Drawing With Carbon Pencil by Laura Knight.

From "Laura Knight: A Book of Drawing." E. P. Dutton & Co.

THERE is no occupation more fascinating than re-creating the life and character of a man whose work has made him an object of interest to succeeding generations. Usually that work has occupied him with such jealous exaction that he has had little time for interest external to it, and a biographer is obliged to feel his way through entangling conjecture, and only too often without the satisfaction of obtaining a trustworthy picture at the end.

Although the field of Rembrandt's career has been thoroughly explored during the two hundred and fifty-four years since, battered by adversity, unflagging in his zeal for painter's knowledge, he died and was buried in a grave that is still unknown, we have rather a confused impression of his personal temper and character. D. S. Meldrum's recent work, "Rembrandt's Paintings: With an Essay on His Life and Work" (New York, E. P. Dutton Co.), without pretending to any special originality or monumental discoveries, acknowledging indeed the impossibility of connecting Rembrandt's personality with his work by any simple relationship, does succeed in making him freshly interesting and vital. The author has lived long with him, has interrogated all the known sources of information, has thought independently, has become intimate with his subject, and has written a book that is eloquent not only of research, which, taken alone, maketh a dull man, but of intelligent and sympathetic study, no more absorbing that the man upon whom it is spent is so curiously baffling.

The facts of his life are quiet enough reading. A record that almost could be paralleled in hundreds of instances. The author surrounds it with an atmosphere of time and place. In 1900, the year of Rembrandt's birth, the long struggle between the Netherlands and Spain was closing. His father was a miller of Leyden, his mother the daughter of a baker there. The family was fairly well to do. Rembrandt had a reasonably good education, was no great student in his youth and never bookish. His days in Leyden probably were full of incident, as the great siege and the city's relief were living memories. He was able also to see good pictures in private and public collections.

The evidence of his various periods of study with different masters is gone over, a trifle perfunctorily perhaps, which is refreshing in its contrast with the usual futile eagerness over the early, forgotten and unimportant influences that play upon a genius in his youth. "After all the groping and straining," the author says, "little of the pure metal of fact about Rembrandt's apprenticeship remains. Lastman, we may take it, was only putting a crown on the teaching of van Swanenburch. Which of them, or whether either, first warmed to life the great genius lying in their pupil, no one can tell. It is as likely that the awakening came later, in the precocious company of Lievens and Gerard Dou. We cannot say. If Rembrandt knew he has not told us. He must have known: so enormous an intelligence applied to the understanding of other men as was his cannot have failed to search and to know himself. But he has told us nothing. None of the documents that discover him, save the one great document of his work, is of his own conniving." That is the Rembrandt problem from first to last. He must have known himself as no one else could know him, and he has told us nothing.

The Huygens rhapsody over the "two wonderful young men from Leyden," Rembrandt and Lievens, usually abridged, is translated in full, and the comment upon Rembrandt's "industrious self-concentration, which loved to attain a concentration of effect," is noted as prophetic of his later temper in work. It is in this document also that his rather magnificent self-sufficiency is seen, beyond that of youth in general, repulsing the idea of travel and study in Italy.

When he moves to Amsterdam we are treated to a brilliant little chapter upon the character of the city after the war with Spain, the strength of its self-made people, the engrossment of these people with profitable commerce, their new delight in luxury, their tenacious domesticity, a revived learning and fresh vigorous literature. Rembrandt's pleasure in exotic color and form now appears to balance his home-staying tendency. All the treasures of the Indies were brought to the shops of Amsterdam, and Rembrandt began to indulge his collector's passion which was to lead him far and leave him penniless.

The early days in Amsterdam contain all the beginnings of Rembrandt's mature habits. There, painting the portraits of the newly rich, of the fashionable and splendid, he found his ability to compromise, not ignobly, obviously rather than fundamentally, taking things as he found them, but turning them to richer account than his sitters dreamed—for the most part they were no dreamers. There he started his married life with a bride of patrician family, charming in all the portraits painted of her, and wealthy. Rembrandt also was making money with his fashionable portraits, and he and his bride spent lavishly. Rembrandt spent chiefly upon his collections, and the story that he was more or less a dealer is not rejected. "He almost certainly was a large purchaser at art sales; at one he bought twelve parcels of the same print—why, if not to sell again, it is pertinently asked.

Van Uylenburch, Saskia's cousin, of whom he saw much, was a painter turned dealer, and there is nothing in all the published records of Rembrandt's private life to indicate a sensitiveness too fastidious to prevent his thus turning his opportunities to profitable account. There are indications enough and to spare that he, as little as those prosperous sitters of his, presented to the casual view the aspect of an unworldly dreamer. From the outset of his Amsterdam experience it is obvious that money was to be an important concern with him. Even when he was making it in abundance he was feeling the want of it. He writes to his faithful Huygens (the only writings of his known to us and here translated in full) complaining of delayed payments and of parsimony on the part of the Stadhouder by whom a series of religious subjects had been commissioned. He stated that payment would be particularly opportune to him at the moment, but this very easily may have been the conventional plea used in dunning.

He did need money, however, as he had started buying a house in the aristocratic quarter of the city where lived the Jews and Marranos who were refugees from the Inquisition in Spain and Portugal, hidalgos with the large carrying trade of the city in their hands and what one of their historians calls "a foolish love of paint" in their hearts. It was a canny choice of location, and cost not too much since Rembrandt omitted even to pay the instalment of price due upon taking possession.

There are no sentimental concessions in the account given of the artist's financial irresponsibility nor are any excuses made for this. After Saskia's death in 1642 his experience of life increased and deepened, his power of expression became daily more adequate to his imaginative vision, emotional significance dominates the complication of his compositions. Also his indifference to money obligations became constantly greater, the list of his debts piled up, the pressure upon him of creditors finally crushed him, and he became a bankrupt. His collections were sold.

The paragraph closing the account of this crisis in his affairs gives a true impression of the reasonable attitude maintained throughout toward the man Rembrandt: "Resulting in a disastrous business loss, the sale of his treasures possibly in one sense affected him less in his feelings than his biographers have surmised. He, we believe, was vastly less sentimental than they. He took, we have seen, a remarkably practical plan for making good their loss as far as might be. His work came first with him now as always."

Although the author declines to see Rembrandt in any artificial light or abate any of his failings in the interest of hero worship, no other writer has done finer justice to that work which, following the painter's example he puts first. No student of the work can afford to ignore the illuminating pages given to it in this profound and unpretentious volume. Page after page offers comment that opens wide fields of independent investigation and holds the lamp for new inspiring readings for which the space allotted is far too cramped. Proof after proof is given that the great Dutchman "forgot nothing and left nothing behind him in his development."

The points of unsettled attributions, disputed identifications, &c., are rehearsed in the same spirit of original consideration and judgment founded upon many more personal investigations than are brought forward. This section has its humor and the author brings out the absurdity of expecting agreement among experts by his usual method of explicit quotation and amiable detachment.

At the end of the text is given a selected list of Rembrandt's paintings in chronological arrangement, with the dates, latest ownership known, and the unusual addition of an asterisk following the name of the owner where there is reason to believe that the picture is in the market.

It is interesting to American readers to find ninety-two of the 458 paintings on the list in American possession.

The half-tone illustrations of the listed paintings are, of course, invaluable as reference material, but suffer from the defects of this always debilitating process.

Wenceslaus Hollar, born in Prague in 1607, is best known to modern times as an etcher of topographical subjects. It would be difficult, however, to find a seventeenth century man who was strictly a specialist, and Hollar's 2,700 plates cover landscape, topography, costume, portraits, Scripture, history, mythology, allegory, emblems, natural history, reproductions of old paintings, drawings, goldsmith's work, heraldry and book illustrations of all kinds.

The handsome volume recently dedicated to his work ("Wenceslaus Hollar and His Views of London and Windsor in the Seventeenth Century," by Arthur M. Hind. John Lane, The Bodley Head Limited, London) contains besides the frontispiece ninety-six illustrations, which show us his marvelously clear vistas of Gothic London before the

Portrait of a Woman, Said to Be the Wife of Titus, the Son of Rembrandt.

In Prince Yussupoff Collection.

wide destruction of the great fire, and also his "prospects" of Windsor, some of his portraits and some of his studies of costume—all vivacious, precise, thoroughly known, vividly seen, true gems of graphic art, cut gems that sparkle and have nothing to say of the mysteries of the matrix and almost everything to say of the clarities and fidelities of the etcher's medium.

Nothing in its kind has reached closer to perfection than the bird's-eye view of London from Bankside, Thamesis Fluvius flowing between S. Paawl's Church and the buildings of Southwarke. The river is full of ships where cherubs cavort above almost can discriminate the articles of food so profusely provided. There is lively and varied expression in the faces of those seated at the board and a decorous lack of expression in the faces of the attendants. At the serving table are freer gestures, and much is going on to keep the great company supplied. The lifted swords of those in the foreground, the shadows cast on the floor by the slowly moving procession of men in long robes bearing huge platters, the patterns of the tapestries, the design of the windows, each in its place, helps to build up an architectonic impression, and each detail has also a local interest and is related with

"Winter, with Cornhill in the Background."

From a Hollar Print.

"Wenceslaus Hollar and His Views of London and Windsor in the Seventeenth Century," by Arthur M. Hind. John Lane, The Bodley Head. 1*l.*

the Tower and as far as The Bridge; then minor craft dot its smooth expanse as you pass Fishmonger's Hall, the Old Swan, Cole Harbor and Stillyard. All along the way little tightly pressed buildings on the far side, and on the nearer bank the hint of leafy yards and open spaces. The gradations of line and the effect of distance, the beauty of the perspective and, above all, the spirit and life playing through the whole delightful composition, make it as charming as it is historically informing and entertaining.

For contrast, turn to the set of the Seasons with the full length figures. In the "Winter" the dashing silhouette of the masked lady and her proud bearing claim first and full attention. She is beautifully drawn, sturdy in her elegance, with a substantial foot in its fashionable shoe, a strong round arm thrust through the fur muff and broad shoulders encircled by the soft thick tippet. The caption explains how it is about the wraps:

> The cold, not cruelty makes her wears
> In Winter furrs and Wild beasts haire.

The texture of the various fabrics making up this Winter costume is punctiliously described with great brilliancy of handling, and the general effect has unusual freedom and breadth. Beyond the salient lady stretch the buildings of Cornhill, with an animated little foreground of their own of pedestrians, vehicles and men on horseback, each a significant spot in the composition and full of life.

One of the most interesting of the Interior views is the "State Banquet in St. George's Hall, Windsor Castle." In this magnificent plate Hollar shows what an artist he was in his ability to subordinate guests, retainers, banquet decorations, to the impressive architecture of the vaulted room, without, however, missing a single note that made for picturesque description. The long table is loaded with dishes, and one

him in St. Margaret's, Westminster, where in the churchyard he was buried.

Laura Knight as a painter has that most womanly of attributes, the tendency to put whole energy into the first half of her performance and to stop when it looks finished instead of going on until it looks unfinished. It takes a long breath to do that and the conscience to destroy, which so few women have. That is why her paintings, brilliant as they are, never have seemed quite the authentic thing in art. They have suggested a trunk beautifully packed rather than a room beautifully furnished.

A book of her drawings, therefore, is particularly rewarding, as it shows her undertaking what she can carry through without pausing at the dangerous packed stage. ("Laura Knight: A Book of Drawing, with a Foreword by Charles Marriott and Descriptive Notes." Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.) The twenty drawings in the volume just published are each of them finer than any painting by the artist known to the present writer; and not because she has undertaken less than in her painting, but because she has undertaken more—because she has undertaken a synthesis and has stopped not for brake and stayed not for stone until she has succeeded in getting it.

Charles Marriott says of her that she "lives in her eyes," has to a degree unusual even among modern artists the "visual alertness" that is more or less a modern affair; that her attitude toward life and her subjects is that of "artistic sympathy with personal detachment." Her femininity for him is in her treatment of feminine subjects, her air of intimacy and understanding, of freemasonry in the occupations represented, &c. He finds her humorous with her perception of character and situation, keeping "always on the right side of caricature," and that she can interpret the character of place as truly as human character.

Mrs. Knight bears him out bravely in the drawings reproduced. The two Café Royal drawings are perhaps the most effective. In the first less is made of the human element than of the room and its ornate decorations, to which the artist gives a certain pompous and inflated splendor. The hats hanging on the pegs beneath bulbous caryatide are as significant as the man and woman at the table attended by a slim waiter with his napkin under his arm. The attitudes are admirable in their modern lack of formality or any kind of distinction.

In the second drawing it is all human character, again with the modern note, the note of public insolence. One of the faces, somewhat worn and modeled by thinking and speaking, stands out comfortably with its look of discipline, and a little face made with three lines in the background queerly hints at civilization.

A study in pen-and-wash drawing of the dressing room of the corps

Design by Leon Bakst.

© *Martin Birnbaum.*

de ballet, Drury Lane, shows the solid foundation of the artist's training, and shows it expertly with no more than the necessary emphasis. The capital anatomy of the figures shouts mastery. It is anatomy off guard, leagues away from the model stand and all it insinuates; anatomy in its undress relaxation, honestly and simply revealed. The figures are round and muscular and every gesture tells its story. One in the orthodox skirt of the ballet stands before a mirror at the further end of the room, stands on stout trained legs in an awkward pose with a splendid grace and freedom of movement. The others, powdering and puffing, doing hair and doing eyebrows with the intensity of insistent business, lead up to this one, the morning star of the strange constellation. It is fine as composition, fine as observation, and particularly fine in its complete freedom from self-consciousness.

William Morris thought that a book which must have illustrations should have no actual ornament at all, as the illustrations and ornament almost certainly would fight. One hardly can conceive of a volume more at odds with the great tomes of the Kelmscott Press than this "Story of Leon Bakst's Life" (Brentano's, New York), but it obeys the dictum of Morris more strictly than he himself obeyed it. There are forty-eight plates printed in color, and many other color prints on calendered paper pasted on the rough, hand-made, deckle-edged pages. And there is no ornament. The aspect of the splendid smiling multicolored volume is like that of a handsome peasant girl in her bridal finery.

The illustrations show Bakst in all his phases and the text by André Levinson almost might have been omitted, but no one could wish it omitted with its unbelievable solecisms in verbal manners, its dithyrambic passages, its conversational confidences, its foreignness, floridity and vivacity, flowing on to the last sentence in which the writer "takes leave of his readers and descends into the audience in order with his readers to await the rising of the curtain for the next act of the most beautiful of plays: the life of a grand and noble artist." In such a style there is at least no fear, and infinite faith.

And out of the naïve and unkempt sentences grows the figure of Bakst, very much as Modigliani painted him, ruddy, childlike and sophisticated, formal and impulsive, not at all an imposing portrait but with intimations of wisdom and intellectual experience.

We see him as a child—far too much of the childhood that means so little in comparison with the productive middle years. Out from profuse pages he steps, with two vivid little items to his credit: his attempts, before he was 10 years old, to remodel his dull little room in his commonplace home to correspond with the esthetic ideal of a grandfather who sported a gilded parlor with four bird cages and a model of the Temple of Solomon: his construction of a toy theatre with actors and painted scenery to realize for himself the opera as he knew it at second hand from the reports of people old enough to go to operas. These were his first steps into the country awaiting his discovery. He was to go on making gilded parlors with bird cages and filling invented theatres with an invented world.

For the rest he was a good genius and in consequence a poor student; something of a rebel with reactions in favor of social prestige, influenced by teachers and companions, the kind of youth an artist is in Russia, England, France, anywhere except America.

Etching by Albert A. Smith.

Story of an Army Doctor of Morale

How Imagination Helped Win the War

British Troops Marching Through the French Country-Side.

Drawn by Gilbert Holiday.

A Review by
HENRY LONGAN STUART

YANKEE WITH THE SOLDIERS OF THE KING. By Alexander Irvine. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

IT will doubtless be news to many comrades of the great war that, besides the public men who made periodical visits of inspiration to the front, there were professional morale builders as well, handpicked and attested by the astute Lord Rhondda to "sell the war" to men who had invested not only their fortunes but their lives in the great adventure. Alexander Irvine's "A Yankee With the Soldiers of the King" is the Odyssey of one of these on the eve of the disaster of March, 1918, and during the tragic days that followed it. It is a strange book, artless and by reason of its very freedom from all literary artifice, vividly interesting and convincing. It is quite plain, at least that the British Government made no mistake when it picked on Alexander Irvine, one-time collier in Scotland, one-time soldier in the Egyptian relief force, American citizen and missionary to the down-and-outs on the Bowery, to carry a message of hopefulness and approaching relief to the hard tasked warriors of his own race in Flanders. Animal spirits and an abounding natural optimism are qualities that have deluded many a loose phrasemaker into the belief that he is a born inspirer of men. Mr. Irvine had earmarks that were more convincing. A relish for "dirty corners" and an instinctive aloofness for the official centres where kudos is apportioned and the rewards handed out, were pretty sure passports to the indulgence of Thomas Atkins, that perverse but not unenlightened judge of men.

It speaks volumes for Mr. Irvine's flair for getting at the heart of things that his first lecture at the front should have been given at Ypres.

About a hundred officers and non-coms assembled in the Y. M. hut at the Menin gate to listen to my first message. I had been speaking about five minutes when an air raid occurred. It was the only time during my service in France in which Jerry destroyed utterly that which was always a major consideration in my speeches—humor. * * * At intervals of thirty or forty seconds the bombs fell, each one dropping nearer than the preceding one. The earth shook and trembled. Nobody moved. I kept on talking—not by any means unconcerned, but just a little curious to know whether half of us or all of us would be ushered into another existence by the next bomb.

Dr. Irvine's instructions, as far as they were officially defined at all, were first, to let his khaki audiences, many of them fathers, and all sons, know that the food supply was being handled at home in a manner to inflict the minimum of hardship on women and children, and, secondly, to impress them with the imminence of relief coming from the entry of the American Army into line. It is quite clear from his narrative that he was wise enough to take his orders rather freely and to change his schedule where it seemed advisable. On the fatal March 21, when orders came that all instructors and "entertainers" were to return to England, he evaded the unwelcome change in program by jumping into an automobile and making for Harboniers. The entire journey ran along back of the fight.

For twenty miles along the route the British cavalry stood in readiness—the men stood by the horses' heads, bridles in hand. The lances gleamed in the sunlight. Restlessly the horses pawed, but there was no noise. Not a sound, not a word of command broke the stillness. A sense of power charged the air. The reserve artillery were in the sunken roads. Overhead our airplanes kept off the eyes of the enemy.

At Harboniers the division he was to address was called into action before his speech could be delivered. On his return to Ham he found himself caught in the back wash of the retreat.

The streets were solidly packed with men standing to. We could hardly push our way through. * * * The walking wounded were just wounded men who could walk—fingers gone, heads, arms and bodies smashed and broken. * * * They had only what they stood in and that was smeared red. They had been in hell since dawn and were exhausted and weak.

To assist in the entrainment of the wounded on lorries, to help pack the civilian population into one long train with bundles, beds and that inseparable companion of all evacuations during the war, the family goat, to make "billies" of "cambric tea" with condensed milk and hot water and to carry them to one truck after another, to tell funny stories of his own military career to dispirited and suffering men, was how Dr. Irvine interpreted his mission in this crisis.

The story [he says] of how I became a soldier in order to educate myself, the grilling treatment of the old-time Drill Sergeant, my stupidity, awkwardness and initial inability to assimilate military instruction made the men laugh uproariously. All this I gave in the Irish dialect I used as a boy.

It was a large and human conception of "morale raising" and makes us very ready to forgive the tags of a pseudo science with which the doctor has loyally decorated his work—"crowd consciousness"—"will-to-win," "super mental hygiene" and the like. Dr. Irvine had the precious "white ticket" as his passport with the powers that be, but we do not need his testimony as to the hundred and one tight places out of which the two "Soudan 1884" ribbons on his modest Y. M. tunic helped him, to know that these were his real asset in times of trouble.

Mixing on a familiar basis with men of all branches of the English-speaking race, Dr. Irvine had an unrivaled opportunity to compare the differences in temperament and character which circumstances and climate have imposed on the scattered Anglo-Celtic peoples. His findings are rather surprising. He thinks the English the most imaginative of all.

Making a guess at a ratio I would say that English regiments caught the meanings of my imagery about 50 per cent. quicker than the Scotch, and 25 per cent. quicker than the Irish. * * * Most of the things accomplished by the imagination during the war were done by Englishmen. The British War Office was not conspicuously gifted in that direction. The two Field Marshals were less so, but neither of them was an Englishman. The most illuminating comment on Field Marshal Haig was no comment at all.

The poilu loved La Patrie, the Yankee loved his flag; Tommy acted as if he cared little for either flag or country. The American had it in for the Germans. Tommy didn't. He had little bile, and of guile, none at all.

As for the "Digger," he notes that the difference in temperament was greater and resultant clashes on meeting far more frequent between Australian and Englishmen than between Englishmen and American. "Why didn't you salute me?" said a British subaltern to a tall Digger to whom rank wasn't even the guinea's stamp. "Kid," said the Australian, with a paternal look in his eyes, "I'm not here for physical exercise."

The callous forgetfulness of the fighting man and of the lesson so terribly taught, arouses Dr. Irvine's indignation, as it arouses that of every intelligent and generous commentator on the war. His last mission, to collect funds on the millionaire's playground of the Riviera for the men left to clean up the devastated regions was a frank "fizzle," in spite of the patronage of the Duke of Connaught.

Some were courteous; some were hardly that. One noble lord was the most ignoble of them all. * * * A few were vulgar. * * * There were people who were reputed to be very wealthy who gave 50 francs. A few gave more, many gave less. * * * He [the Duke] was the only man in the crowd who was interested. * * * A year afterward in St. James's Palace, he asked me about the result of the appeal. I told him we didn't get the price of our railway fare!

In America, to which he returned last year "as poor in material things as I was when I came as an immigrant in 1888," Dr. Irvine notes a let-down as depressing in its way as that to which he had been a witness in impoverished Europe.

We are in a backwash. * * * We have become reactionary. We have bartered world leadership for a mess of political pottage. * * * We brassenly stand erect amid the ruins of a world and proclaim ourselves holier than other men. * * * And yet the darkness is not without its fringe of light. * * * The pendulum will swing back. The appeal to the spirit will be heard. That and co-operation with the right-thinking peoples of all nations will pull us through.

A Diary of the Drug Habit

THE DIARY OF A DRUG FIEND. By Aleister Crowley. 268 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.00.

UNFAMILIARITY with the effects of habit-forming drugs is a severe handicap to the reviewer of such a book as Aleister Crowley's "The Diary of a Drug Fiend." He lacks a criterion by which to judge of its truthfulness. However, Aleister Crowley assures us that it is a true story, rewritten only so far as was necessary to conceal personalities, and surely Mr. Crowley should know. Let us then take him at his word, with such mental reservations as will obtrude themselves in spite of our earnest desire to believe.

There are stranger things than "dope" in "The Diary of a Drug Fiend." One of them is the dedication:

To ALOSTRAEL
Virgin Guardian of the Sangreal in the Abbey of Thelema in "Telepylus," and to
ASTARTE LULU PANTHEA
its youngest member, I dedicate this story of its Herculean labours toward releasing Mankind from every form of bondage.

This is not, as one might be tempted to believe, a part of the ravings of a drug fiend. It is a clue to the real character of the book, which is quite obviously intended as a tract for the cult which has its headquarters in the "Abbey of Thelema." The chief doctrine of this cult is embraced in the words: "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law." The high priest of this cult is one Basil King Lamus, known at the Abbey of Thelema as the "Big Lion." A part of his mission in life appears to be the reclaiming of those who have fallen victims to the drug habit.

The Diary is divided into three books. In the first, appropriately called "Paradiso," Sir Peter Pendragon tells how, during a wild night in London, he took his first sniff of cocaine, and how he fell in love with a girl who went by the name of "Unlimited Lou." Lou was already a "snowbird," in other words, a user of cocaine. On the spur of the moment they married and went to Paris on a "cocaine honeymoon." If we may believe Sir Peter, there is no happier form of honeymoon—while it lasts. The time came, however, when cocaine seemed to lose its power to lift them up to the heights. They experimented with heroin and found that its effect was quite different, but very agreeable. Tiring of Paris, they went to Capri, and it was there that they fell into the hands of a clever swindler who robbed them of all their ready cash and their jewels, and worst of all, of their supply of drugs. They were obliged to cable to London for money and, until it came, to suffer for lack of their usual stimulants. The first book ends with their decision to return to England.

In the second book, "Inferno," it is Lou who keeps the diary. She tells how they fell lower and lower, living in filthy lodgings in London, not because they could afford no better, but because their eccentricities of conduct would attract less attention there. Later on they went to live at Sir Peter's ancestral home, Barley Grange, first assuring themselves a plentiful supply of cocaine and heroin. At Barley Grange they experimented with devil worship, Sir Peter's deceased grandfather having thoughtfully fitted up a room in the Grange with all the paraphernalia necessary for that purpose. Their crazy antics drove all the servants from the house, and the two drug fiends continued to live there in indescribable filth. Their meals, when they cared for any, were brought in from a near-by inn. Then Sir Peter shot, himself, presumably by accident, and in the excitement of nursing him, Lou forgot all about drugs. The result was that by the time Sir Peter recovered from his wound, they were both apparently cured of the drug habit. But it did not last. They returned to London and fell lower than before.

The third book, "Purgatorio," is written by Sir Peter. In it he tells how he and his wife, believing themselves to be hopelessly in the grip of the drug habit, had decided to commit suicide and how they were rescued by King Lamus, who carried them away to "Telepylus." He cured them by developing the "True Will," that is to say, by helping them to find something in which they are more interested than they are in drugs. They found that the doctrine, "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law," was to be taken quite literally. It meant, among other things, that they might have all the cocaine and heroin they wanted. The only condition was that they should keep charts and record on these charts how much they took and why they took it. By adroit questioning King Lamus learned that Sir Peter's greatest interest in life was mechanics, particularly as applied to airplanes, and that Lou's one ambition was to be a true helpmeet to her husband. So Sir Peter was set to work inventing a helicopter, while Lou looked after his comfort, and there you are. It's easy to cure a drug addict when you know how.

As might be expected, there is a great deal of mysticism mixed up with the cult practiced by the members of the Abbey of Thelema. Here, for example, is a midnight invocation recited by King Lamus, the Big Lion. He stood facing the north and accompanied his speech with a series of complicated gestures. In a deep solemn voice, he said:

Hail to thee who art Ra in thy silence, even unto thee who art Kephra the beetle, that travelest under the heavens in thy bark in the midnight hour of the sun. Tahuti standeth in his splendour at the prow, and Ra-Hoor abideth at the helm. Hail unto thee from the abodes of evening!

Does it mean anything? Ask Mr. Aleister Crowley. He tells us in a note prefacing the third book of the Diary that

The Abbey of Thelema at "Telepylus" is a real place. It and its customs and members, with the surrounding scenery, are accurately described. The training there given is suited to all conditions of spiritual distress, and for the discovery and development of the "True Will" of any person. Those interested are invited to communicate with the author of this book.

And this is why the reviewer classes "The Diary of a Drug Fiend" as a tract.

RUSKIN REPRIMANDS HIS NEIGHBOR: "THE EXTERIOR OF YOUR HOUSE IS NOT PRIVATE PROPERTY"

Latest Works of Fiction

THE TEMPTRESS. By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

WHILÆ this latest novel of Blasco Ibáñez does not rank with such work as "The Cabin" or "The Shadow of the Cathedral," it has a peculiar interest of its own, especially for those who happen to be familiar with the author's earlier books. Until the very last chapter the novel is one of that materialized morality which held a certain degree of dominance during the last century—which, indeed, still dominates much of our popular fiction. Evil closes its nefarious career in the gutter; virtue is rewarded with motor cars and millions, as in the days when W. S. Gilbert sang of the good little girl who

> When she grew up, she was given in marriage
> To a first-class Earl, who kept his carriage.

But though this materialized morality is never reversed or defeated—as one finds one's self suspecting that it might have been, had the lovely and baneful Elena but possessed a little more intelligence along with her beauty and her charm instead of a brain which seems to have worked only spasmodically—there comes at last, and at the very close of the book, a sudden, sharp questioning. Robledo, the Spaniard, an energetic, capable person who had had sufficient strength of character not to succumb to the wiles of "The Temptress," finding himself confronted on the one hand by the pitiful wreck of that woman who had been "just as important an Homer's heroine, in the half-civilized land where women are few," and on the other by those successful friends of his whom he sees all at once as "Oxen * * * well fed, tranquil and good. * * * They possessed the virtues characteristic of all those whose maintenance is assured, and who, safe from all risks, need never injure others in order to live. * * * Thus they would continue placidly without violent pleasures, but also without pain, to the last hour," suddenly asks himself a devastating question. Which of them all, he demands, would have "the better justified their existence?" They, or the woman who "had been a majestic, proud Atlantic eagle, sait from the wide sweeps of the ocean!" And was Elena, the Elena who, like the heroine of the old Greek tales, "brought about war between men, in a far away corner of the globe," really to blame? Was she a bad woman, doing wrong for wrong's sake, and fully conscious of her perversity, or was she merely one dogged by misfortune, "simply hungry for the pleasures of life and ambitious, making her way over the fallen bodies of others without knowing what she was treading under foot?"

It may be merely one's own imagination, but it is difficult not to believe that in this novel one sees two Blasco Ibáñez—or, rather, a Blasco Ibáñez pulled in two opposite directions, drawn one way by the lure of the motion-picture screen, another by his own innate artistic instinct. He started out, one feels, to make of his Elena the conventional "vamp," just as Celinda, the "Flor de Rio Negro"—the Flower of Black River—is the conventional ingénue of the wild-riding, lasso-throwing type, and Richard Watson, the conventional young lover, all but led away from his true love by the wiles of the fashionable and worldly siren. But as the tale progresses, it is, or seems to be, easily perceptible how Elena became real to her creator, became a flesh-and-blood woman, with capacity for good as well as for evil. As Robledo, the clear-sighted, thought, "She sows evil, without knowing always what she is doing, because all her attention is centred on herself. * * * If she were rich, she would perhaps be good. * * * All the trouble in her life comes from the fact that she has so little and desires so much!" So at the last her creator finds himself pitying this poor Helen whose story ends, not upon a throne but in a rude and filthy tavern on the outskirts of Montmartre.

This new novel has no character worthy to stand beside the old Centaur of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" or by his prototype of the sea who was so outstanding a figure of "Mare Nostrum." The people, like the novel itself, are on a much smaller scale. In them, as in the descriptive passages, there is but little of the prodigality, the gorgeous lavishness which has distinguished so many of this author's books. The outpouring, overflowing abundance of life and color is here tamed and restrained. Even when the scene shifts from fashionable Paris to the tiny settlement called La Presa, in distant Patagonia, there is little of the sweep and splendor with which Blasco Ibáñez described the plains of Argentina.

Yet there is much, very much, which is interesting to this account of the country Manuel Robledo called "the land of all," because to it there came men of all nations. Here is La Presa, where the Rio Negro flowed through a great cleft.

> This solitary river roadway, that stretched from the storm-beaten peaks of the Andes, on the Pacific side, to its wide outlet in the Atlantic * * * had cut a deep gash, two or three leagues wide, in certain places in the Patagonian tableland. * * * But beyond this point the ground rose to form steep, yellow, sinuous walls that gazed unblinkingly at one another across the gliding black water; and beyond these heights stretched the mesa, that region where icy cold alternates with suffocating heat, where hurricanes torment the harsh vegetation that will yield a living only to those flocks that can scour many leagues of that arid plain.

But when Elena arrived there was a project well under way for building a dam and using the river water to irrigate the parched soil. Men saw visions of fertile fields where now were barren tracts. And to each the vision of the beauty that was to be was a vision of his own home land. When Captain Canterac, the exiled Frenchman, dreamed of the wealth which would be his, once the project was successful, he saw fields like those of France, and so it was with all these men, more than one of whom had a criminal record behind him.

Patagonia, so little known to the average North American, is described in a series of swift sketches, instead of the almost panoramically vast pictures this author usually employs. We see the little settlement, hastily improvised, with one-story houses made of different materials, its streets thronged with workmen, "swept by the icy winds" and by the all-pervading dust which was "everywhere in this strange land."

Then outside and around the settlement we are made to see the strange wild country, all of whose life was "concentrated in the wide fissure carved by the river waters across the desert."

It is an interesting novel, this latest book by the author whose work was so long neglected by the United States. Its obvious theme is one of those which, though they have existed since the first pale dawn of civilization, never grow old or outworn, while in Elena we have a perplexing creation, a woman who, seeing her as we do always, or almost always, from the outside, piques and holds our attention. And the sudden, sharp change at the end, coming as it does after several episodes which seem deliberately planned to appeal to that sort of popular taste which delights in banditti and abductions and plenty of shooting, in books or on the screen, is at once startling and arresting. Is this novel of "The Temptress," with its excellent character work and its descriptions of a strange land and its often melodramatic plot, an endeavor to instill, well covered with jelly, the theory that it is principally if not exclusively the lack of money which makes men and women evil, or is it merely an attempt to fulfill certain requirements, an attempt from which the author, at the end, takes a brief holiday? But take it as you will, "The Temptress" is an entertaining novel, apart from the questions which it may or may not arouse within the reader's mind.

LUNATIC AT LARGE

THE LUNATIC AT LARGE AGAIN. By J. Storer Clouston. 276 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

MR. CLOUSTON'S merry-hearted lunatic is at large again, and well it is that he has broken out. For plucky young Mr. Ridley and beautiful Miss Staynes, who love each other desperately, might be kept apart forever by a wicked guardian, were it not that Mr. Mandell-Essington has climbed the sanitarium wall to freedom and will soon, in his extravagant way, set everything right.

It is not explained why Mr. Essington is confined in asylums. Perhaps, like his chronicler, he is given to seeing "a sickle of a moon" overhead at midnight. We thought a long while about that. We counted on our fingers, consulted three almanacs and had a talk with the weather editor, and we feel that our feet are planted upon the solid rock of scientific truth when we remind Mr. Clouston that sickle moons are not visible overhead at midnight—in this climate, at least. Now and then a sickle moon may be seen hanging low over Hoboken in the early evening, or over Brooklyn at the other end of the night. But never has the áparition been observed above Times Square at midnight, so far as can be learned. And we assume that what is true in Manhattan holds good in orderly England, where Mr. Essington's disorderly adventures occur.

Of course it was Lord Peg and Lord Curley who saw the phenomenon in question, and they had been quaffing wassail at the village inn. Of course, too, there might have been an eclipse that night. But the author himself rules out the eclipse theory by reporting, in the next chapter, that the sickle moon had grown a little stouter by the second night following.

Again, daylight-saving time may enter into the matter. Every one knows how confusing that is, and how it wastes more time for people than it saves, since it keeps them so busy figuring how to interpret the time tables—in vacation season, at that, when time is more like money than at any other period of the year. A man we know took so long to calculate whether the 3:15 express left at 2:15 or at 4:15 that he missed both the express and the 3:42 local and had to go by boat and sit up all night in a plush chair.

Still, a little astronomical lunacy is not out of place in a book so delightfully absurd as Mr. Clouston's. When the hero of a story behaves as irresponsibly as Mr. Mandell-Essington, a bit of cutting up on the part of the orb of night can be forgiven.

It is refreshing in these days to find a novel in which the author accepts his lunatic hero "as is" and makes no effort to psychoanalyse him. We are not burdened with Mr. Mandell-Essington's prenatal history, his dark childhood, his complexes and his inhibitions. We are told simply that he is kept under lock and key for his own good. Nor would it be possible to discuss his inhibitions, indeed, for he has none whatsoever. That is the charm of him. What he wants he ups and takes, whether it be the clerical clothes of the timid young curate in the train or the suit of knightly armor in Mr. Jones's country mansion.

He changes clothes eight times in his wanderings. Whenever he needs to reillegalize himself to throw his pursuers off the track he changes clothes with anybody he chances to meet. So shrewd and dashing and cool he is in these tight corners that we wonder again what he is "in" for. Perhaps Mr. Clouston explained that point in his earlier book, "The Lunatic At Large," which enjoyed a fine popularity a few years ago.

It is said that there are people who never laugh. The attention of the suffering relatives of these unfortunates is directed to the chapter in which Mr. Essington changes clothes with the schoolmaster whose boys are in swimming. The misanthrope whose solemnity can withstand that diverting episode has a heart of stone and a face of concrete.

There is a fine restraint and artistry in Mr. Clouston's humor. One is never able to foresee what the escaped and gallivanting patient is going to do next; and when he does it, one is as well surprised as are the victims of his drolleries. May the lunatic be at large again and again. He is a welcome antidote for the long-faced supernanity of the hour.

LE GRAND ECART

LE GRAND ECART. By Jean Cocteau. 204 pp. Paris: Librairie Stock; Delamain, Boutelleau et Cie.

LE GRAND ECART" is a first novel from the pen of a poet of the younger school. Jean Cocteau's "Poésies," his "Plain-Chant" and his "Dessins" have won him the distinction of being considered as "chef" in the ultra-modern literary circle; and result in his being regarded with ever-growing interest by the reading public.

His first novel portrays the pangs of a young man who is carefully shielded, from every material point of view. Jacques Forestier, the chief character, belongs to the literary family of Anatole France's Jean Severin—a youth of sensitive emotional fibre and none too strong will.

Throughout his childhood Jacques's emotional ecstasies manifest themselves through the desire to slough off his own personality and actually be the Other Person—the splendid ideal whom he worships. At such times of intense feeling he studies his features in the mirror, he observes his carriage, his every gesture, and consciously strives to convert the other's manner into mannerisms of his own. He makes the acquaintance of an Egyptian brother and sister; Tigrane has harmed his foot and Idgi is the victim of tuberculosis. And as the result of his admiration for them Jacques acquires a limp and a cough. His real awakening into life occurs in Venice, where he sees the dead body of a young journalist who has killed himself.

In Paris Jacques is sent to school, and lives, en pension, with Monsieur is Professeur Bertin. His housemates there are a curiously assorted lot of original "types"—a wealthy Arab, a burly English sport champion and two colorless young French provincials, one morally weak the other physically ailing.

The actual events of Cocteau's story are but milestones along a surprisingly lovely road, ablaze and fresh with riotous color and crisp green. His descriptions of Jacques's successive mental states of elation and depression during his affair with Germaine, a music hall dancer, are done with skill.

Yet the greatest charm lies in Cocteau's daringly figured style. He calls together images from the opposite ends of possible conception, and welds them into startling metaphors.

(Continued on Page 27)

Three Poets Collect and Select Their Verses

Lindsay, Masefield and Watson in Generous Portions

A Review by
HERBERT S. GORMAN

COLLECTED POEMS. By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.
SELECTED POEMS. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.
A HUNDRED POEMS. By Sir William Watson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.

VACHEL LINDSAY asserts, in the entirely charming and unusual "autobiographical foreword" to his "Collected Poems," "this whole book is a weapon in a strenuous battlefield," and with this thought in mind one turns to Mr. Masefield's "Selected Poems" and Sir William Watson's "A Hundred Poems" and wonders what they are. Certainly, neither of the latter two are weapons. John Masefield is an impulse. Sir William Watson is a well-groomed attitude. Vachel Lindsay is an emotionalist. Very well. All these descriptions may mean something or nothing just as they are taken. It is not enough, for instance, to say that Vachel Lindsay is an emotionalist. So was Sappho. So was the Sweet Singer of the Housatonic. The word embraces altogether too wide a range.

Vachel Lindsay is a poetical evangelist, a Middle West prophet intensely religious. Sometimes he adorns himself with bizarre feathers and prances out as an exponent of the Higher Vaudeville, but it is only the unthinking, the superficially minded, who accept him as such. It has been asserted that he is a bundle of contradictions, but nothing could be further from the truth. Any intensive perusal of Lindsay's work will show an astonishing relevancy, the continual application of a definite creed. The distance between "The Daniel Jazz" and "I Know All This When Gypsey Fiddles Cry" is not so great as the typographical arrangement would have us believe. A Messianic impulse propels him; he would save the world, his own country. He grows hot under the ethical collar at times. He dreams of an ideal state beyond the intolerable pettinesses of his own day, a place of peace and stalwart virtues. His supermen are Divine Pioneers, Johnny Appleseeds and Abraham Lincolns. The "Collected Poems" is a direct avowal. It is also a challenge and an entire series of blows. The poet is entirely correct in declaring that his book is a weapon.

So manifestly does Mr. Lindsay's book suggest a unified personality that one is curious to experiment with Mr. Masefield and Sir William Watson and discover if they, too, possess that strict individuality that makes them peculiarly themselves and so more indelibly permanent additions to letters. After all, the great names that star literature immediately suggest individualities, well-boundaried personalities. Dante, Shakespeare, Homer, Donne, Goethe—certain characteristics arise with the names. Without even suggesting such an impossible and silly undertaking as to compare the three contemporary poets with these older established names one may note this practically universal characteristic of unique personality and briefly observe to what degree it is to be found in Lindsay, Masefield and Watson. Certainly it is to be discovered in Lindsay. We can hardly mistake his work for that of any other poet, living or dead. One is not so sure with John Masefield and Sir William Watson. They are, of course, integral parts of a great tradition, and as such they partake of the broader aspects of that tradition. But accepting this cultural unity, it is easy enough to define their personalities, although it is not so easy to affirm that they are unique.

John Masefield, for instance, continues in his work several of the great characteristics of English poetry. We may find the influence of Chaucer there, for instance, a sweet clarity, a pastoral magic. So, too, do we find the superabundant revelation of the sea in all its tremendous fluctuations and changes. This is another peculiar virtue of the English mind. We do not find it in American or French poetry. But other Englishmen besides Masefield have employed it—Kipling, Newbolt, even old Michael Drayton. Then there are the sonnets, some of them almost Shakespearean in their diction. Yet, taking all these things into consideration, there is an apparent individuality in John Masefield's "Selected Poems," and it is best described as an idealistic naturalism. The subject matter appeals to the reader before the technique, the actual writing, is even thought of. The clear sincerity which expresses itself in beautiful descriptions of rural England, the high seas in calm and storm, historical crises and spiritual ponderings conjoins to a single personality. And rereading the sonnets and familiar poems again we understand that Mr. Masefield is a gesture of acceptance toward life, a perception of that abstract beauty that moves behind all things. His impulses sway him back and forth between calm and wistful moods. His naturalism is undoubted; the poet is an impulse.

In Sir William Watson's work we find the most conscious artist of the three, and, peculiarly enough, the one with the least personality. Sir William has done extremely beautiful work, and there can be no doubt that certain of his poems will take definite place in the English literature of all time. But it will not be because of any unique or powerful or compelling individuality. Their virtues lie in a supremely finished craftsmanship, an art that never tears loose into emotionalism, that is reticent, aristocratic, calmly combed. "A Hundred Poems" was probably selected by the poet himself from his forty years' work, and it is interesting to note that the small group of sonnets which originally appeared under the title of "The Purple East" has not been included. They, at least, possessed emotional value, for they were written at a fever-heat of indignation occasioned by certain political manifestations. Sir William indubitably mistrusts emotionalism as something that hoi polloi may indulge in but not the restrained aristocratic artist. Even his "Hymn to the Sea" (luckily included in "A Hundred Poems") has not quite that gusto and abandon that the title would suggest. Its lines are long and melodious but their passion is nil. Yet we must not do Sir William Watson a grievous wrong by suggesting that his work is unimportant because it is lacking in a certain virility. He is merely not that kind of a poet. The kind that he is, however, can fill the heart and mind with joy, the joy of careful and distinguished craftsmanship, of lofty and inspiring thought.

How far the gap stretches between our own Vachel Lindsay (so essentially American) and the demonstrably English Sir William Watson can be made wholly plain only by quotation. Let the last two stanzas of "John L. Sullivan, the Strong Boy of Boston," represent Mr. Lindsay:

In dear provincial 1889
Barnum's bears and tigers could astound.
Ingersoll was called a most vile hound,
And named with Satan, Judas, Thomas Paine!
Robert Elsmere riled the pious brain.
Phillips Brooks for heresy was fried.
Boston Brahmins patronized Mark Twain.
The baseball rules were changed. That was a gain.
Pop Anson was our darling, pet and pride.
Native sons in Irish votes were drowned.
Tammany once more escaped its chain.
Once more each raw saloon was raising Cain.
The mocking bird was singing in the lane.
* * *
Yet
* * *
"East side, west side, all around the town
The tots sang: 'Ring a rosie,'
'London Bridge is falling down.'"
And * * *
John L. Sullivan,
The strong boy
Of Boston,
Finished the ring career of Jake Kilrain.

In mystic, ancient 1889,
Wilson with pure learning was allied.
Roosevelt gave forth a chirping sound.
Stanley found old Emin and his train.
Stout explorers sought the pole in vain.
To dream of flying proved a man insane.
The newly rich were bathing in champagne.
Van Bibber Davis, at a single bound
Displayed himself, and simpering glory found.
John J. Ingalls, like a lonely crane,
Swore and swore, and stalked the Kansas plain.
The Cronin murder was the ages' stain.
Johnstown was flooded, and the whole world cried.
We heard not of Louvain nor of Lorraine,
Or a million heroes for their freedom slain.
Of Armageddon and the world's birth-pain—
The League of Nations, and the world one posy.
We thought the world would loaf and sprawl and mosey.
The gods of Yap and Swat were sweetly dozy.
We thought the far-off gods of Chow had died.
The mocking bird was singing in the lane.
* * *
Yet
* * *
"East side, west side, all around the town
The tots sang 'Ring a rosie,'
'LONDON BRIDGE IS FALLING DOWN.'"
And * * *
John L. Sullivan knocked out Jake Kilrain.

Turning to Sir William Watson's book, we may find a fairly representative example of his art in "World-Strangeness," one of his more popular and best-known poems.

Strange the world about me lies,
Never yet familiar grown—
Still disturbs me with surprise,
Haunts me like a face half known.

In this house with starry dome,
Floored with gemlike plains and seas,
Shall I never feel at home,
Never wholly be at ease?

On from room to room I stray,
Yet my Host can ne'er espy,
And I know not to this day
Whether guest or captive I.

So, between the starry dome
And the floor of plains and seas,
I have never felt at home,
Never wholly been at ease.

Lindsay is luxuriant, overflowing with words and references, emphatic in his melodies. Watson is more sparing; the fall of the words is calculated. These are aspects to be found throughout the work of both men. There can be no argument as to which is the more vital artist, as to which is the more stirring singer. It is Lindsay, Lindsay who is less suggestive of a poet at times than he is of a force, a directed energy that shakes us out of our mental and spiritual sloth. However, when it comes to questions of sheer literary technique the argument as to the respective merits of these two poets is liable to be hot and furious. One can hardly fail to be impressed by the finished golden work of Sir William Watson. Poems such as "Lachrimae Musarum," "The Tomb of Burns," "In Lakeham Churchyard," "England, My Mother," "Wordsworth's Grave," "The First Skylark of Spring" (one might go through almost the entire list of a hundred poems), fill the mind with an exalted beauty. There is nothing uncouth here, nothing ragged; it is as perfect as the work of Praxiteles.

But after reading these remarkably finished products we turn to Lindsay's "Collected Poems" (a big book, into which he has thrown everything he ever wrote in verse and to which a generous introduction is prefixed), and refresh our memories with "The Chinese Nightingale," "I Know All This When Gipsey Fiddles Cry," "In Praise of Johnny Appleseed," "How Samson Bore Away the Gates of Gaza," "The Congo," "When the Mississippi Flowed in Indiana" and "Galahad, Knight Who Perished," and we are puzzled. It is a choice between a high, rich, blood-stirring, dream-provoking, semi-religious virility that is essentially emotional, and a colder, perfect composed, classic beauty that is restrained and sometimes a little severe. The only thing to do is to accept both poets and to dip into them according to one's mood.

John Masefield, on the other hand, may be dipped into regardless of our moods. While he is never cold, he is never overemotional. He strikes a medium. His virility is manifest, especially in the sea-poems; his intellect is undoubted, the sonnets are proof of it. He infuses himself into his work much more than Sir William Watson, but not so heatedly as Vachel Lindsay. The three poets together should afford an amazing and happy week for any lover of authentic poetry. They are all followers of that will-o'-the-wisp, beauty, and they indubitably catch glimpses of her in the most unlikely places. Strangely enough, they all appear in a single season with either collected or selected editions of their poems. When we stop to consider that within the last two years such poets as Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, George Sterling, Walter de la Mare, Sir Henry Newbolt, W. B. Yeats, Sir William Watson, John Masefield and Vachel Lindsay have compiled definitive editions of their collected or carefully selected work we begin to realize that another generation of poets is resting on its oars. A collected edition predicates that the poet has realized that he has done the best he could, that he has achieved his maturity, that he is offering his attitude toward life to the world. And such a surprising number of collected editions in two or three years undoubtedly reveals the fact that a generation is passing. All of these men will do further work, perhaps their finest work, but the era as a whole has passed its meridian. Most of them made their reputations before the war. Since that cataclysm a younger group, with different methods of approach, has sprung up. When that group's time comes to indulge in the high luxury of collected editions one can only hope that the fat volumes be as compact with authentic art and inspiration as the books of Sir William Watson, John Masefield and Vachel Lindsay, for instance. And if that is so we have no reason to despair over the future of poetry.

The Poet As an "Ineffectual Angel."

Tonic for Business

STIMULATING THE ORGANIZATION. By Orlinc D. Foster. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MR. FOSTER has high ideals and has plans for giving them a permanent position in the workshop. He has contemplated the lassitude which prevails in industry and he feels that he must dissipate it and apply stimulation. Not only are workers to be filled with some divine afflatus, but executives, too, are to be placed under the influence of a powerful force driving them to altruistic realization. And not altogether altruistic, because Mr. Foster is quite sure that if the said executives become angelic, their workman may also take unto themselves some godlike characteristics.

Mr. Foster deals with stimulation in a workmanlike way. He conducts, so to speak, his factory on highly scientific principles. He, as employer, gives, at the outset, a private interview to the employe; he makes him feel at home, has him examined by a doctor, submits him to psychological analysis, charts him, standardizes him, provides him with an outlook, a vestibule school, group meetings, cafeterias and many other things which are calculated to add to his mental and physical comfort. The aim is the "elusive force wherein are generated loyalty, faith and well-directed purpose." It is a noble aim and Mr. Foster deserves encouragement.

Space is devoted in this book to profit-sharing schemes, and Mr. Foster sets down the disadvantages of that system as an aid to stimulation of workers. He summarizes the objections and finds that among the workmen there is dissatisfaction when profits are small, that they conclude their wages are less than those obtained elsewhere, that they prefer a definite wage scale on which they can depend, and that profit sharing makes it difficult for employes to ask for an increase. There are other objections, but these are the chief. True it is that some organizations have found the system successful, but that it does not meet with all emergencies need not excite wonder.

That the business world would be very much improved if men considered not so much the mere pecuniary rewards of investment on the one hand and of labor on the other, no sentient person will have the hardihood to dispute. If we could live on the theories so eloquently and logically expounded by Mr. Foster this would really be a pleasant planet on which to live, and we recommend most heartily the widespread perusal of his book.

Puccini, His New Opera and His Singing Birds

The Composer of "Madame Butterfly" Talks About Chinese "Turandot"

By F. L. MINNIGERODE

IN lovers of Puccini's operas, "La Bohème," "Madame Butterfly," "Tosca" and others, may reasonably be presumed an interest in the new opera which the composer is now completing. Upon a number of occasions recently the writer has chatted and smoked with Giacomo Puccini in the well-kept and picturesque grounds of his bungalow at Viareggio, or in the very room in that villa where he works and has worked for years. Often, too, in such democratic surroundings as armchairs placed in front of the village barber shop facing the main street, where many of the composer's friends, some apparently in very modest circumstances, stop for a little chat with the man whose music has delighted so many millions.

There is not a frill or a furbelow about Puccini. He is to outward appearance as normal a human being as could be found. In his dress he might be taken for a successful New York business or professional man, and a decidedly good-looking one at that. There is, however, a look in his slate-colored eyes and sensitive mouth that speaks a great spirit of camaraderie, a look which stamps him a champion of kindliness, a seeker after things simple and beautiful. He has the physique of an athlete of thirty-five and a speaking voice as welcome as his music.

Viareggio lies in a sandy strip between the Versilia Mountains, whose jagged peaks are still streaked with shining snow, and the Mediterranean, where the bathers are splashing under a cloudless sky.

The most distinctly American thing in this little town is the Puccini bungalow—"My California Bungalow"—he calls it. And yet there is a tone of the Orient about it, for on the porches and from the great pine trees here and there hang Japanese lanterns and over the main gate there is a sort of pagoda effect, while in one corner is a round, grass-roofed little house that might have been brought from a village in old Nippon. These Oriental touches are not inappropriate, considering "Madame Butterfly."

Puccini is proud of his "California bungalow," and takes it for granted that you would like to be shown through the many rooms, by far the most interesting of which is the very large one where the composer works. It contains a grand piano, of course, tables and a great number of paintings. Sheets of pencilled music lie about carelessly and on the mantel over an open fireplace are stuffed song birds. Hanging upon the wall of this room is something more American than the bungalow itself. Side by side with a letter of Richard Wagner's dated in 1861—before Puccini was born—is a letter which reads as follows:

> Edison Laboratories,
> Orange, N. J.
>
> Giacomo Puccini:
>
> Men die and Governments change, but the songs of "La Bohème" will live forever.
>
> THOMAS A. EDISON.
>
> Sept., 1920.

Puccini, apparently, has no secrets concerning his future plans. The new opera (to be called "Turandot") he says he hopes to have ready for production in Milan for the season 1924-25.

"'Turandot' is to be entirely Chinese," Puccini said, "the Chinese of the long, long ago. There is not a character in the opera that is not Chinese. In it I shall have the Hymn of Confucius."

At this point the composer stepped into the next room and immediately returned with a much-handled and tattered paper-covered yellow book. Inside the mutilated covers the pages were alive with Chinese characters and bars of Chinese music. As Puccini turned these pages he stopped often where notes appeared and in a low, soft voice hummed the airs which the notes indicated. When he came to the original Chinese "Sacrificial Hymn to Confucius," of which there was an English translation in six stanzas, I said that I would like to read it.

"Take the book home with you and read it at your leisure," was his prompt answer. The verses are too long to repeat here, but the last stanza, chanted as the Emperor retires, follows:

> The Fu and Yi mountains are very high;
> The Chu and Szu spread their waters far,
> So thy beautiful acts extend their influences above and around,
> Causing benefits without end.
> Now has been seen the glory of the sacrifice;
> The sacrifice has been made to appear great and beautiful.
> He renovates the thousands of our people;
> He fosters our schools and halls for instruction.

As we went through the book and between the little snatches of Chinese airs which Puccini hummed with feeling, there was opportunity for questions, such as "When 'Turandot' would be produced in New York."

"After Milan, New York," he replied, and then continued: "Signor Gatti-Casazza is my good friend and New York comes after my own land. I shall then make my third trip to America."

"What section of China have you chosen for the scene for 'Turandot'?" I asked.

"Peking," he replied, laughing a little as he added, "and I have never been there, but," here he laughed more, "I have been through New York's Chinatown."

At this point I committed a tactical blunder by stating that I had visited Peking some years ago. Pride certainly went before a fall. He plied me with questions with all the interest that a boy might evidence in seeking details of a "hairbreadth 'scape." The Winter Palace, the temples, the old gates, the street scenes—until I realized how little I had seen or remembered of old Peking! I took refuge in the rôle of questioner. Not very consequentially, perhaps, I asked:

"What effect will the present rapidly increasing system of broadcasting and the increasing perfection of the phonograph have on grand opera? Will not many people sit at home and listen to the opera instead of taking the trouble to dress and go out at night?"

"Never!" was the emphatic reply. "Nothing can replace the living presence of the singer nor make the story a reality without the carefully prepared setting. The wireless and the phonograph may sing, but they can never act, can never be more than a piece of mechanism for the reproduction of sound. You may sit at home and read a play or you may visit the cinema and see the movement, but that is a very poor substitute for living, vital, speaking characters."

"But," I replied, "every one cannot afford the opera. Very few can afford to hear the best voices. Not long ago I heard 'La Bohème' and there was not a good voice in the cast. I would have had much more enjoyment listening to Caruso on the phonograph."

"Poor companies are worse than none," he replied, "but there are not enough fine voices to supply the demand, and there is no remedy."

* * * * * * *

Italy is a land of legends. Most countries build their legends around and about the great personalities of the dim long ago. You may doubt their truth, but you cannot deny them. Italy has plenty of such legends. But she has legends about her present great men, too.

I had been told by a number of people in a number of places that whether you sat in the top gallery of the Scala Theatre in Milan or at the Opera House in Paris or shone resplendently in the "diamond horseshoe" at the Metropolitan in New York, or, for that matter, sat by your radio or phonograph in your own room, listening to the voice of Caruso or Farrar in "La Bohème," "Tosca," "Madame Butterfly" or any other Puccini composition, you were not only hearing the voices of the great and the songs of Puccini but were being carried back to nature and were, in truth, hearing the songs of many birds from many lands.

They said that the notes of the Japanese nightingale and the English skylark and the Baltimore oriole had been taken by Puccini and made into "La Bohème." The great composer maintained at his villa near Torre del Lago a great aviary, so the story went, and he sat for hours and listened to the caroling of his birds. Therefore I asked:

"At your villa in Torre del Lago you have a great aviary and many birds from many countries?"

"Yes," he replied, "I have a great many birds there, but during the war it was impossible to get birds from foreign lands, and today I have not so many as I once had."

The next question related to the legend that the inspiration for much of his music came from the songs of these birds.

Puccini waved his forefinger back and forth in front of his face—a characteristic Italian gesture for the negative answer—and said: "Doubtless many people believe that my birds have something to do with my compositions, that I profit in my work through their singing, but that is legend. I have them because I enjoy them."

Puccini loves birds, as indeed so many Italians do, as another man loves dogs or horses, but, if he is to be believed, he does not reproduce their songs in his own music.

Thus is a legend exploded by the very person around whom it was woven.

* * * * * * *

When "Turandot" is given I shall hope to be a "first-nighter," and shall doubtless see again in all its glory the "Temple of Heaven" in old Peking, and shall persuade myself that I recognize in the score some of the many notes Signor Puccini hummed to me in the quiet and hospitality of his "California bungalow" on the shores of the blue Mediterranean.

Giacomo Puccini.

From a Drawing by Gordon Stevenson.

The Great Mogul and His Indian Holbeins

(Continued from Page 13)

honor of a victory of their soldier son, yet the Prince is deferentially drawn smaller in stature than his imperial father. During a Kashmir sojourn Jahangir records the fact that an unmarried Princess was portrayed; and the portrait gave him solace, for soon after she died, becoming in his phrase "a sitter in the bridal chamber of the permanent world."

Nor was nature neglected by the painters of a dynasty that were its passionate admirers. From Babur to Shah Jehan, including many of their queens and princesses, the Moguls were devoted to their gardens. Their memoirs are full of observations of birds, animals, fruits and flowers. In Kashmir today survive two of the many Persian gardens the Moguls laid out in India. Perhaps they owed this ancestral love of nature to their past as Central Asian nomads. The Wantage portfolio contains several studies of birds and animals drawn with a fidelity and vigor, but perpetuating the grace and delicacy that inheres in Persian and Mogul painting from their shadowy Chinese origins. Among these is Jahangir's "Turkey Cock," a rare avis in his India, and sent him by the Portuguese Viceroy in an assortment of European animals. Except for butterflies, the wealth of Indian insect life does not seem to have interested these painters.

Where so many artists were employed on a composition the Emperor-connoisseur might have told us the secrets and felicities of collaboration. But the ego and temperament of the Mogul artist might well be satisfied with a royal patron adept in discriminating between eyes and eyebrows. While this art is naturally an art in little yet it transcends the conventions and traditions which hampered its fifteenth and sixteenth century schools. Problems of perspective are solved in Jahangir's day with an ease and naïveté that is charming. The face is still drawn in profile, sometimes three-quarter, yet the variety of characterisation, the stamp of individuality, triumphs over convention. These Mogul Holbeins grimly told the truth. Mr. Binyon, in his Oxford edition on this school, quotes Professor Arnold's anecdote from a Persian biography. Looking over portraits of his officers Jahangir paused with that of his defeated General, Abdullah Khan, and soliloquised: "Today no one equals you for ability and lineage. With such a figure, and such abilities, and lineage and rank, and treasure and army, you should not have run away."

In the Boston Museum is a typical composition in this genre, a crowded durbar scene at Jahangir's court, and the Oxford edition contains an unfinished painting of a durbar of his son, Shah Jehan. In both scenes, crowded with figures, the faces are nearly all in profile. Yet it is possible to mark subtle racial differences, Persian, Mogul and Hindu, even professions, such as statesmen, soldier or religious. No Court was ever more heterogeneous than the Mogul, and yet this limited art completely tells the human story. For an example of realism, the dignity and pathos, the reticence in line and color of the "Dying Man" in the Bodleian collection at Oxford is notable in an art once superciliously classed with the jeweler's.

The Mogul Empire began to crumble in the eighteenth century. At Delhi the last, inefficient members of a glorious dynasty lingered, jealously guarding their dwindling heritage. In 1739 the Persian warrior Nadir Khan swept to Delhi like a whirlwind and carried away the famous Peacock throne and endless booty. Thereafter painting languished in tiny upstart Courts and decayed families of Mogul nobility. But the anarchy that increased and left the French and English fighting for India's destiny submerged creative art. After the English triumphed and order was restored, examples of this art were taken back to England with the usual freight of curios, and many fine collections remain unknown in Anglo-Indian families. When Persia began selling three decades ago Nadir Shah's Indian loot slowly came to light. The Czar's library obtained a splendid volume of miniatures from the Shah's Teheran collection. Thereafter, thanks to the penetrating Armenian connoisseurs, these riches, with sundry other "Persian pomps," began to supplant in Paris the rage for Japanese color prints.

What was left of these treasures in India was finally scattered after the mutiny of 1857. Paris and London auction rooms began to give up the dead from Persia and India. Such a collection comprises the Wantage portfolio. It appeared in a London auction room in 1867-1868, where Baron Overstone purchased it as a present to his daughter, the late Lady Wantage, on her thirty-first birthday in 1868. On her death in 1920 the portfolio became national property. The Victoria and Albert Museum is to be complimented on issuing this portfolio of beautiful plates and letterpress at so low a price. The translations of the Persian verses of the calligrapher's art are by Sir Denison Ross.

Women as Background

(Continued from Page 11)

natural outists for her activity as man, declares Dr. Lombroso, sings, plays, paints, writes, very often only to pass the time. Three-fourths of the girls who play the piano care nothing for music, but like to be busy and to have something to do. This charge of dilettantism is probably true enough, but how far it is a matter of circumstances or of inherent mentality is a question. "Woman's activity," she goes on, "is best employed when she can use her inventive genius. Woman's repugnance to abstractions ought to keep her away from studies and arts that have no connection with practical life or its emotions, as, for example, politics, which bears no relation to the little world in which she lives." Surely this absurd statement carries within it its own refutation! The woman of today no longer lives in a "little" world! And politics ties up to it. Her home interests do not mean exclusion of other interests, and these may be world-wide.

As for the paragraph which follows, the most generous version of it in its sheer hopelessness is that there has been unfortunate translation in the rendering.

Man asks woman only to smooth out his path, to brighten his life, to administer his patrimony, to bring up his children and to give him the least possible trouble. [This somehow reminds one of the old saying, "My house, my barn, my wife, my potato patch."] Feminine intelligence corresponds admirably to all these requirements. Intuition, activity, faculty of observation, ingeniousness, inventiveness, help her admirably, whereas if she were endowed with man's intelligence this rôle would be impossible for her, and the greatest individual and social disturbance would be caused.

Again, in the following the translation must be similarly unfortunate:

Since we are women we are inevitably inferior to men, just as we would be inferior to horses if we were expected to live up to a standard set for horses. * * * It is true that there is no Dante, no Shakespeare, no Newton among women, but it is also true that it is not woman's business to write poems or to determine the laws that rule the universe.

Dr. Lombroso thus makes short shrift of talented women! How, one might ask, about herself? How about Mme. Rémusat, Mme. de Staël, Mme. Récamier, George Sand, Rosa Bonheur, Juliette Lambert, the daughter of Hokusai, Mrs. Browning, Clothilde de Vaux and any number of others? "In every case," she answers, "you find that these women cultivated art, literature, mathematics, because they were forced to do something, or else because they wanted to please some one whom they loved." Can it be that these reasons are sufficient to account for the operation of genius?

In still another paragraph the writer calmly asserts that to write books, to paint pictures, or to chisel statues is a "masculine" ideal, that woman of the highest type has not much need of purely cerebral qualities or of special aptitudes for a given art or science, such as a great man must have, that great women were those who nobly inspired warriors, writers and poets and that woman does not think nor does she meditate except when she suffers or sees other people suffer, or when she loves or wants to be loved. How weird these personal opinions with their antediluvian flavor in our twentieth century! No intelligent person doubts that woman's mission in the world is to love. This she can do, however, in many ways. As the writer herself says elsewhere, love does not interfere with her occupations, but vivifies them and renders them easier.

Of the difference in man's and woman's conception of love the author says:

It is because, for a woman, love is devotion that this feeling is so early born in her heart. For man, love is an eminently selfish sentiment. He seeks in it pleasure, help and consolation, because he must reserve the little altruism that nature has granted him for the eternal mission that she has confided to him. If he were so absorbed by love as woman is, his outward life, with its very wide intellectual and social interests, would suffer.

Always there is the implication that woman's intellectual and social interests are admittedly and properly narrow.

The mental and moral abandonment in which man leaves woman is the principal cause, we are told, of her feminism. For this is much more depressing to a woman than despotism, violence or brutality. It is a subtle, invisible evil. For it the author has no solution. According to her belief, the modernists are a misguided lot.

Do they really believe [she asks] that to make all the world alike is the best way for doing away with conflicts and creating happiness? Do they really think that by chloroforming woman's soul they will find the universal panacea? Childish illusion! * * * Modern women do not constitute all women. There are many others in whom the old instincts have remained alive. The pleasures of outside life which are promised them, freedom, independence, absence of worry, will not, in their eyes, make up for renouncing the hardships of maternity and the higher morality which obliges them to share the treasures of tenderness and devotion enclosed within their hearts.

Of course, the modernists would reply that these ideas are based on misconceptions, that the woman of to-day does not shirk responsibilities or obligations, that her new and wider interests make her a better companion within the home.

The work of the feminists, concludes the author, has not been useless. It has drawn man's attention to many unjust prejudices and unjust worries. But the foundation of the woman's rights campaign is "not just and its conclusions are unjust and perilous." All this is strange reading and would easily call forth volumes in refutation.

In what does injustice consist? Among the illustrations of injustices we find this:

It would be unjust for women, who have shown such ability as homemakers and housekeepers, to be obliged to drive automobiles, to observe the stars or to talk in the public forum, just as it would be unjust to oblige men who have distinguished themselves as philosophers, engineers or mathematicians to keep house or bring up new-born babies.

What a curious observation, considering the many women who today are voluntarily engaged in these occupations and who would consider it an injustice to be debarred from them!

"The Soul of Woman" would be a strangely incomprehensible book did one not realize that it is a voice out of the Old World with its peculiarly unchanged social structure and traditions, that it is essentially the product of a Latin temperament, of an Italian heart and brain. The sincere harvesting of a gifted woman's experience, study, observation and reflections, it presents a body of knowledge that is not negligible. From the viewpoint of psychology and philosophy it is significant. Whether we accept its conclusions or whether we regard some of them as preposterous, we must admit that it is a book rich in thought and feeling. If it has delivered to us merely half truths, whose dynamic influence would set us back centuries in our progress, it is for us to refute them. Certainly the humanity it envisages is a poor humanity, leagues away from that which Wells sees for us and not good enough even to represent our present humanity at its best, in its highest types. Somewhere that acute philosopher, Dr. Dewey, has warned us that it is not to psychologists and scientists, but to poets, painters and dramatists that we must look for the full expression of truth. After all, only these have ever glimpsed souls in their entirety and it is significant that they have said so little.

A. Stone, author of "Fighting Byng," "American Pep" and "The Yazoo Mystery," has decided to become his own publisher and literary agent. To that end he will shortly file with the Secretary of State of New York articles of incorporation for the "A. Stone Foundation." The headquarters of the Foundation will be at the author's country estate at Milton-on-the-Hudson. The first book to be published by this organization will be Mr. Stone's new novel, "The Whirlwind," which will appear in September.

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The Soul of Woman

By GINA LOMBROSO

RUTH SNYDER, after registering her individual exceptions, closes her review in The World with:

"It may seem we are doing an injustice to 'The Soul of Woman.' Not at all. This is a book which we highly recommend to all readers, both male and female. It is a book created in thought and nourished with wisdom. It is a book that should help man and women to an understanding of woman, complex though she be. It is a book bubbling and boiling over with ideas."

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Books and Authors

SIGFRID SIWERTZ, the latest Swedish novelist to be introduced to Americans, was born in Stockholm in 1882. His first novel appeared in 1905, but Siwertz did not remain in Sweden to see how it would be received. He fled to Italy, where he wandered about for several months. It was not until he reached Berlin on his way home that he saw himself mentioned in the press as an author. Since that time he has published some twenty volumes of poems, sea stories and novels of life in Stockholm. His novel, "Selamba," is published in this country by Knopf, under the title "Downstream."

A book which should interest art students and art lovers is "Comments on Art," by Robert Henri, announced for Fall publication by Lippincott.

"A Woman's Experiences in German New Guinea," by Lillian Overell, which will be published by Dodd, Mead & Co. toward the end of August, is the story of a young woman who was in German New Guinea at the outbreak of the war, escaped into the interior and spent several years among the untamed tribes. It is not only a book of adventure, but also a contribution to geographical and ethnological knowledge of the island.

Writing in The Syracuse Herald on "The Sex Best Sellers," Harold MacGrath protests against the view of life taken by many modern writers. What Mr. MacGrath thinks of these writers and what his own views are on the part that sex should play in literature is briefly expressed in these few paragraphs:

> These young chaps! These young females! Lord, how well they write, and what damnable stuff they set their pens to! Sex, sex, sex! Their plea is that sex dominates life: and it doesn't. There is far more tragedy in a protested promissory note! What is the first instinct? Food. What is the second? Cover. These things out of the way, the male turns his thoughts to mating. Thus, the modern sex novelist has his microscope upside down, his telescope far-end to.
>
> In a city the size of Syracuse ten women will go wrong, but ten thousand of them will go straight; and it seems to me that the doings of the straight would be far more interesting than the doings of the loose. But the Sex Best Sellers think otherwise; they reverse the order.
>
> I hate Polyanna stuff; I want life and vigor in what I read. Mind, no real novel of life is minus sex; but sex must take its place as the third article in the human contract.

Readers of Kipling's "Barrack Room Ballads" will remember Fuzzy-Wuzzy, who "broke a British square." The leader of the Fuzzy-Wuzzies was Osman Digna, who is still alive at the age of nearly 100. The British Foreign Office has recently been asked in the House of Commons to release him after an imprisonment of twenty-three years.

News comes from Russia that the Government printing house has issued a 10,000 edition of the selected tales of O. Henry. Before any of the books could be shipped to the provinces, Moscow had absorbed the entire edition. Owing to the absence of any treaty between the United States and Russia, there are no royalties to pay, and neither O. Henry's estate nor his American publishers, Doubleday, Page & Co., will profit by this publication.

Dr. Henry K. Marks, a practicing neurologist of New York, is the author of "Undertow," announced for August publication by Harpers. The publishers describe this novel as a study in fear. Dr. Marks is also the author of "Peter Middleton," which appeared a few years ago.

The limited edition of Defoe's "Moll Flanders," which Constable & Co. brought out in May, has already been oversubscribed. A limited edition of "Roxana" by the same author has been announced. It will be in uniform style with "Moll Flanders."

While A. M. Sinclair Wilt's "Head Winds" was appearing serially in The Saturday Evening Post, a naval officer remarked: "The man who wrote that has spent twenty-five years at sea." The naval officer was wrong on two counts. A. M. Sinclair Wilt is not a man, and she has not spent twenty-five years at sea. She has, however, devoted much intensive study to nautical matters, and has spent many hours in consultation with naval architects and seafaring men to the end that her story might be technically correct. "Head Winds" will soon appear in book form with the Duffield imprint.

A revised edition of "The History of American Journalism," by James Melvin Lee, Director of the Department of Journalism at New York University, is announced by Houghton Mifflin.

A new novel of the Orient scheduled for early Fall publication by the Macaulay Company is "Zarah the Cruel," by Joan Conquest, author of "Desert Love."

David Garnett's "Lady Into Fox," published here by Knopf, has just been awarded the Hawthornden prize in England. This prize is awarded annually to that book which is considered the most important of the year in the field of imaginative literature.

"The Copper House," by Julius Regis, to be published this Fall by Holt, is the second of this Swedish author's mystery tales to be brought out in this country. The first was "No. 13 Toroni." "The Copper House" tells a story of international intrigue centring in Stockholm.

According to Samuel Goldwyn, Rex Beach and Rupert Hughes are the only well-known authors who understand the technique of the screen. Both these men direct the screen versions of their own novels. Mr. Hughes has recently returned to Hollywood after a visit to New York, where he witnessed the opening of his "Souls for Sale," based on his novel of the same name, which Harpers published last year.

In his new book, "The Gleam," just published by Duttons, Sir Francis Younghusband, famous for his explorations and his command of military expeditions in India and Tibet, tells the story of a Hindu's search for religious truth. This Hindu, whom Sir Francis calls Nija Svabhava, served many years in the British administration of India and was an intimate friend of the author. The story of his spiritual adventures in the attempt to find an ideal religion is told with his full consent.

G. B. Stern's "The Back Seat," to be published by Knopf in August, is the story of a man who marries the most successful actress of the day and finds that he is not the head of the family. His attempts to get out of the "back seat" to which he has been relegated form the theme of the story.

"The Loving and the Daring," scheduled by Harpers for publication in August, is described as a typical Holman Day novel. The setting, as in so many of his novels, is in the great North Woods.

Harvey O'Higgins's "Some Distinguished Americans" is being brought out in England by Jonathan Cape.

Beatrice Grimshaw's latest book, "Nobody's Island," published by Doubleday, Page & Co., was written in her home on the Island of Sariba, beyond New Guinea, overlooking the China Strait. Miss Grimshaw lives there alone, attended only by native servants.

Maurice Samuel, whose second novel, "Whatever Gods," has just been published by Duffield, came to this country from Rumania in 1914. Four years later he returned to Europe as a member of the A. E. F., wearing the insignia of the 307th Infantry. After the war he served on the Reparation Commission in Paris, Berlin and Vienna.

Edgar Rice Burroughs, having written stories of the jungle, of Mars and of the interior of the earth, has selected Hollywood as the scene of his new novel, "The Girl from Hollywood," announced for August publication by the Macaulay Company.

By the Author of VANDEMARK'S FOLLY

The Hawkeye

by

HERBERT QUICK

A LARGE CANVAS—a background of limitless horizon—a land of boundless wealth—its far-spreading acres of growing grain—its young ambitious towns. A canvas crowded with figures—living, vital figures that stand out unforgetably and attain in each and every instance, the full measure of a man.

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Current Magazines

UNDER the heading "The Great Good Tradition" Carl Van Doren, in the August Century, discusses Stuart P. Sherman, whom he calls "The Scourge of Sophomores." After commenting on Professor Sherman's growing conservatism as instanced in his defense of the Puritans, and on his inconsistency in declaring that the Puritans were really more radical than the radicals of today, Mr. Van Doren sums up as follows:

The test of the valuable critic, however, is not his general doctrine, but his specific deeds. Mr. Sherman has for fifteen years been an outstanding figure in American criticism. In that time he has had to his public credit the discovery of not one single beginner in the arts, the defense of only one single new reputation—and it the reputation of Sinclair Lewis, whom the rest of the world was acclaiming, too. Even in his treatment of Whitman Mr. Sherman has curiously insisted on lugging that large spirit into the puritan fold, and in his treatment of Mark Twain has blandly insisted on under-emphasizing the naturalistic pessimism which gives much of the essential salt to Mark Twain's humor. Against every novel scheme for governing mankind or for solving the problems of the economic life Mr. Sherman has resolutely set his face. The question is simply whether the age and its convictions and its tendencies are as barren as he has managed to make out. If they are, he has wasted his great strength in trying to break wild asses which had better been left among their congenial thistles.

The argument for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is thus answered by Wayne B. Wheeler in the August number of Current History:

When the States of the Union entered into a mutual agreement to adopt prohibition, they accepted it as our national policy and obligated themselves to adopt the necessary legislation to enforce it. The issue which we are now facing is whether this solemn obligation should be ruthlessly set aside by any State whose thirst for liquor is stronger than its loyalty to the Constitution. For a Congressman to take an oath to support the Constitution without mental reservation or purpose of evasion and then to vote to repeal the law to enforce the Constitution is indefensible, and for an officer to swear to enforce the Constitution and then protect bootleggers is a crime against the Government. A citizen who closes his eyes to lawlessness and aids those who are destroying the law-enforcement machinery to enforce the Constitution is guilty of political sabotage.

The July London Mercury contains, besides its regular departments, a portrait of Gordon Bottomley by Powys Evans, four cartoons by Will Dyson, "The Lucky Romulus" by J. M. Crawford, "Maghreb" by Philip Guedalla, "Anti-Scrape" by Alfred H. Powell, "Ballad Opera" by Jeffrey Mark, "Coventry Patmore" by Osbert Burdett, "Edmund Gosse" by John Freeman, and poems by Robert Bridges, H. Belloc, A. Y. Campbell, C. Fox Smith, Susan Miles, Frank Kendon and Everest Lewin. Mr. Belloc's sonnet is printed below:

Your life is like a little winter's day
Whose sad sun rises late to set too soon.
You have just come: why will you go away,
Making an evening of what should be noon?
Your life is like a little flute complaining,
A long way off, beyond the willow trees:
A long way off, and nothing left remaining
But memory of a music on the breeze.
Your life is like a pitiful leave-taking
Wept in a dream before a man's awaking;
A Call with only shadows to attend:
A Benediction whispered and belated
Which has no fruit except a consecrated,
A consecrated silence at the end.

The August Red Book contains the closing instalment of Melville Davisson Post's mystery serial, "The Blue Image," instalments of "New Year's Day," by Edith Wharton, and "Fires of Ambition," by George Gibbs, and ten short stories, among which are "Lois the Princess," a South Sea story, by Beatrice Grimshaw; "The Jeweled Casket," by Arthur Somers Roche; "Fleshpots," by Rita Weiman; "The Champion," by Lawrence Perry; and "Down by the Harbor Side," by James B. Connolly.

Writing on "The Question of Incentive" in the August Harper's, Fred C. Kelly says:

For years I had wasted precious hours lying in bed mornings, even when wide awake, solely because of my reluctance to go in and face the ordeal of a cold bath. One morning at 9 o'clock I bluntly asked myself:

"Just why do you take these cold baths when you hate them so?"

Right offhand I couldn't think of the true answer. My first impulse was to say, "Because it's good for my health." But I reflected that my health had been just as good when I didn't take them. Cold baths didn't seem to affect my health one way or the other. Was it, then, a hangover of an old Puritanical notion that anything pleasant is wicked, while anything unpleasant — whether vile-tasting medicine or cold baths —is just naturally bound to be morally and physically beneficial?

That may have explained it partly, but not entirely. I recalled the number of times when, in talking with the neighbors, I had proudly referred to my daily cold bath. That appeared to be the real answer. I took cold baths that I might mention them and my own hardihood, when talking to the neighbors. But, I further asked myself: "While I undergo this daily ordeal for the benefit of the neighbors, what have the neighbors ever done for me?" True, they sometimes bring me cookies or a plate of quivering quince jelly; but what sacrifice have they ever made for me comparable with my cold baths?"

I decided that the neighbors didn't half appreciate what I had been doing, and I then and there quit the cold-bath program forever. Since then I have been a changed man. I began to view life, from the moment I awakened each morning, not with dread, but composure and even pleasure. At times I laugh right gayly. I shout, I sing! You would scarcely know me.

Following the same line of reasoning, Mr. Kelly concludes that in many of our other activities we are animated by motives quite different from those usually assigned. He doubts whether any one really plays golf for exercise, for much better results could be obtained from a brisk half hour's walk followed by a few strokes with an axe. What the real motive is he does not pretend to say, for he himself, apparently, is not a golfer, but he believes that, for some players at least, golf is a symbol of business or social prestige—a means of letting people know that one has arrived at the point where one can afford to neglect business to the extent that the game makes necessary.

In regard to fishing, Mr. Kelly speaks with more authority, for this is a sport of which he admits he is very fond. After giving the matter careful consideration, he comes to the conclusion that his real motives are a combination of laziness and vanity.

The Pilgrim is a quarterly review of "Christian Politics and Religion," published by Longmans, Green, in England, and edited by William Temple Bishop of Manchester. The July table of contents includes articles on "The Basis of World Reconstruction," by H. T. Hodgkin; "A German Philosopher on Public Life," by Alfred E. Garvie; "Credit-Power and Major Douglas," by R. G. Hawtrey; "Reunion: Its Present Position and Its Future Tasks," by Stuart H. Clark; "The Claim of the Contemplative Life," by R. L. Langford-James; "The Study of the Psychology of Religion," by F. G. Chevasnut; "The Modernity of Pascal," by Edward Shillito; and "Christianity and Marriage," by the editor.

In the July number of the American Labor Monthly J. B. Salutsky writes on "Enter the Federated Farmer-Labor Party," and the same subject is discussed by Scott Nearing under the heading "The Farmers Rub Their Eyes." "Packing With the Packers" is the subject of an article by Rosalind A. Zoglin, and "America Let Loose: Men From Main Street" is a review by E. G. Clayton of Edward W. Bok's "A Man From Maine." Under the general heading of "Textiles," H. K. Herwits discusses "Facts and Figures," Edwin Newdick "The New Leadership," and Russell Palmer "The A. T. W." S. B. K. contributes some satirical "Bed-Time Stories for Children in 2023 A. D." "The Biological Point of View," by Walter N. Polakov, is the third of a series of articles on "Science and Labor." Cedric Long writes on "A Consumer's Co-operative Philosophy," and Bryce M. Stewart on "Facing and Meeting Unemployment in the Men's Clothing Industry."

E. H. Wilson continues in the August Garden Magazine his "Travel Tales of a Plant Collector." The sub-title of his article is "The Orient, Ancient Mother of Today's Garden." He enumerates many of our trees, shrubs and flowers which are of Asiatic origin and tells how they reached us. This is but one of the many beautifully illustrated features which will interest all lovers of gardens.

Among the interesting features of the August Asia may be mentioned "A Kentucky Derby in the Gobi Desert," by Roy Chapman Andrews; "Illustrating Best Sellers in Old Japan," by W. G. Blaikie Murdock; "Elephants at Home in a Garden of Eden," by Martin Johnson; "Circuses East and West," by Charles Mayer; "The Oldest Living Monarch," by George Grosvier; and "The Game of a Hundred Intelligencies," by L. L. Harr, the game in question being that which is variously known as Pe-Ling, Mah-Jong or Pung-Chow. Fiction is represented by "The Payback," by Merlin Moore Taylor.

The Night Hawk Speaks

SUNDAY night, down the block from the Lafayette. Grizzled veteran of more prosperous days leans languidly against a hack that, too, has had happier years. He fingers a tall, black whip. A quid shifts in his mouth. His high hat is stringy at the rim, and, in daylight, would be seen to be green and worn with age. The horse between the shafts is a "nag," dejected head bent almost to the knees.

"Keb, sir, keb? Cheaper'n a taxicab."

There isn't much hope in his voice. It is a voice husky with years and, one guesses, throaty with the passage of many sips of convivial drinks. He doesn't fling the question at you as the barker outside the Second or Seventh Avenue clothing shop does. Rather, he seems to recite it as a rite.

The passerby stops with a friendly, "Well, how's business?"

"Oh, so-so," is the reply. That, too, is a recitation of habit, much as one responds "Fine" when asked about one's health.

A cigar establishes an entente cordiale. "Well, I guess them days of business in my line is past," the hackman says. "Now and then a funeral, but not much of anything else. Folks find it more stylish to ride in taxis, and the guy who likes to four-flush wouldn't think of a horse cab."

"Then what keeps you at this?" he is asked.

"Age, mostly," he grumbles. "You'll notice that most of the hackmen, and there ain't many of us left, is all old-timers. When the taxis came in we were too old to start in the newfangled business. You can't teach an old dog new tricks.

"And there's another reason. Once in a while there's a lad that wants to go spooning in the park and has only a few dollars to spend. So he hires a hack. It's a longer ride and it's cheaper than with a taxi. And I'm perched away up high where I can't look in. All the taxi driver has to do to queer a spooning party is turn to look over his shoulder. There's more seclusion for couples in a hack.

"It used to be we had a pretty fair business before prohibition. People would get drunk and wouldn't care whether they took a taxi or a hack so long as they got going.

"But things is different now. You see lots of brand-new taxis. You never see a brand-new hack."

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Ballads and Legends

(Continued from Page 3)

There is the ballad of the Wyoming massacre and the death song of the Indian chief bound to the stake and about to be tortured. Songs from the Civil War period are many—"We've Drunk From the Same Canteen," "Grandma's Song," and the like.

"The Leek Hook" is a priceless thing. The leek hook, let it be explained, is a spur used for digging up the wild onion so popular in Pennsylvania.

A brave young raftsman dwelt among the Potter County pines;
He had no fruit trees 'round his hut, nor any flowers nor vines;
But when the war began
He sold his yoke of steers, likewise his yellow dog,
And left his double-bitted axe a-sticking in the log;
He donned his brightest scarlet shirt,—

and went, of course, to see the fair Sally.

When gentle Sally saw him come, she dropped her gathered leeks,
Her waterfall came tumbling down, the roses left her cheeks.

"Oh, Sally, dry your tears," said John, "and do not be afraid,
But bear thee up as gallantly as should a Potter County maid!
And give to me some trifling thing—some token ere I go—
That I may wear it as a badge in presence of the foe!"
Then stooped that lovely, blushing maid, and from her tiny heel
Unstrapped a wondrous instrument—a shining spur of steel!

Oh, many a field in Dixie-land and many a Southland stream
Hath seen that fearless volunteer—that leek hook's awful gleam!
And soon the Johnnies learned to say, "There comes that cursed Yank
Who wears a bayonet on his heel and strikes us on the flank!"

And wheresoe'er that leek hook flashed, by mountain, lake or plain,
'Twas there the fiercest fighting was, the biggest heaps of slain!

All honor to the shining blade that digs the fragrant root,
Yet makes a fearful weapon on a Potter County foot!

Then there is this philosophical song of the wandering lumberjack:

TRAMPING CHANT

Oh, the firefly is brilliant,
But he hasn't any mind;
He wanders through creation
With his headlight on behind.

Refrain:
Then cast your bread upon the water,
And you'll see just what returns,
Another time—oh, well, no matter;
He who travels sometimes learns.

The mingled strain of these people—the Old World and the New—is indicated by stories like the following:

An English youth of noble lineage loved and was loved by an Indian girl, the daughter of a chief. Although she was a Princess among her own people, the family of the youth so violently opposed his affection that he fell ill and sank into such despondency that he lay as one dead. He is dead, they said, and prepared his body for burial. The grave was shallow, for the Spring earth was still cold. The Indian maiden watched from the trees and said to herself, "This is only a love swoon. He is not dead."

When the mourners had gone away she went to the grave, uncovered her lover's body, warmed him to life in her arms, breathed in his lungs, and, bearing him to her tepee, nursed him to health. When they went together to the home of his parents, opposition was of course at once turned into joy at recovering their son. From this pair sprang one of the many fine Indian strains which have shaped the slenderly aquiline nose of the black-eyed mountain girl and tinted her silken, blue-black hair.

Less happy is the legend of the lovers of Penn's Cave, an underground cavern lake with vast frotted dome. A white maid loved an Indian youth and finally fled with him so that they might make a home for themselves somewhere far off together. They were pursued and forced to hide, and the Indian hid his love in the dry cave high above the water. Each day he swam the cold, silent, black river to the mouth of the cave in order to bring her food.

But before many days the pursuers tracked the pair there, and as the Indian boy reached the rocks at the cave entrance they pushed his hands away, and each time the clutching fingers sought a hold they forced him back into the water. Years later the skeletons of the two lovers were found in the dry cave.

And then there is the tale of Jerry, runaway negro slave, who got over the border of the southern part of the State and fled into the hills of Berks County, pursued by men and bloodhounds. Jerry took desperate refuge in the middle of a swift mountain stream—they call in Jerry's Run to this day, and braced there he seized each bloodhound as it swam out to him, held its head beneath the water, and one after another drowned them all in turn, so escaping his pursuers. Jerry found himself a team of oxen and a white mountain girl, setting up housekeeping and a race of mixed blood—which may be a blot on the scutcheon of white mountain lineage, but which should be doughty stock.

There are tales of valiant Spaniards whose names sound romance, of Huguenot lovers of heroines whose courage and wit are the theme of many an inspiring raconteur.

Quaintest of all are the tales they tell at night about the old Dutch stoves; tales from out of Europe's great fairy book, with Irish banshees flitting through the pages, the trolls of Brittany, the magic of old witches, the mystical simplicity of spirit visitation and the sorcery of the Indians.

She was a cheery old soul with rosy cheeks, gorgeous silver hair, and a famous baker of pies, who told me this. Their neighbor was altogether a queer woman, and a close one, but she did have a way with her for thrift, and they got along wonderful well, although they were wonderful poor to begin with.

When her second baby was about to come the neighbors stepped in to help out, but she would let no one churn for her. "Set the churn right here by my bedside," she bid; "I can work it myself with my right arm."

So they went out and closed the door as she said, but grande dame saw through a crack in the lights (panes) and found that the woman was a "werry" witch indeed. For she stepped from her bed and pulled out the cupboard which she had face against the wall, took from it a cow's nipple, and from it she milked straight into the churn quarts of rich cream. Mind you, with the neighbors' cows all giving poor milk—because of it, undoubtedly—and no one knew the reason. And she milked till the churn must have been very near full. Then she churned, the hex, and got sixteen pounds of butter, although with their own eyes they had seen but a scant four quarts of cream in the churn.

Such witchcraft is common among the good folk, and it would keep the pow-wowers busy warding off evil and working their magic against such pests, but, alas! they are not many left who can pow-wow real good. There are some kindly influences at work, but not many; probably because pioneer life was stern and hard, with few windfalls, except it were a giant tree that crushed the crops.

And, of course, the stories vary according to the traditions of the region. In Centre County there are mainly those of "Pennsylvania Dutch" descent; in Clinton County are descendants of French Huguenots largely; in Mifflin and Union are English and Scotch-Irish, and so on.

It is pleasant to know that such tales and songs of which this is but the briefest glimpse have been saved for the future. For the time is passing when it will be possible to make such a collection.

The old folks will die, the young people who come down from the mountain farms will be absorbed into the growing life of the valleys, and most of those who remain in their isolated mountain homes have deteriorated. They have forgotten the songs of their grandsires. They cannot read or write, their poverty-stricken hermit lives are in pitiful contrast to those past red-blooded days of conquest of the wilderness.

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Brief Reviews

TRAINING FOR POWER

TRAINING FOR POWER AND LEADERSHIP. By Granville Kleiser. 382 pp. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $3.

DOUBTLESS the main purpose of this book and a great deal of the advice it gives are sound and useful and will benefit the ambitious young person who follows its counsel. But when one endeavors to envisage the kind of person who would be evolved if it were all taken seriously one is conscious of an extreme sense of distaste, for its appalling earnestness and energy are all directed toward the making out of almost any one of a sort of super-robot whose models of unbelievable efficiency, self-confidence and conscious superiority is constantly held up before the vision of the young and aspiring reader. What, one wonders, would be the effect on a young man already possessed by a cocksure confidence in his own wisdom and ability—a mental attitude not unknown among young men in their early twenties—of a course of studies frankly intended "to make you think highly of your own powers and abilities," which constantly urges the development of "a full degree of self-confidence."

It really seems impossible that any young man or woman of serious purpose could go through with this daily self-inquisition, searching the inner regions through and through to see if "you now fill your mind daily with strong, positive, inspiring thoughts," if "you make it your particular study to create good impressions," if "you avail yourself of every opportunity to express courage and determination," if "you are daily building your self-confidence for large and useful purposes" without becoming an offensive prig. And as for the daily exercises before the mirror for the cultivating of self-confident and winning expressions—if they are added to the sum of all the rest one can think only with horror of the sort of person Granville Kleiser's molding hands are eager to develop.

Nevertheless, there is in the book a great deal of most excellent advice that young people just starting out in the world will benefit by following. But no one ought to undertake the course of self-discipline which it outlines in such detail who does not have a keen sense of humor and a well-developed sense of discrimination. The author, who was formerly instructor in public speaking in the Divinity School of Yale University, is well known by his numerous works on public speaking and "personality building."

IN WESTERN IRELAND

IRISH SPORT OF YESTERDAY. By Major A. W. Long. Illustrated. 286 pp. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.50.

THAT cynical Englishman who characterized his fellow-countrymen as being a race who, if they saw the sun shining, immediately said, "It's a fine day, let's go out and kill something," ought to have added that when they came home they began to write a book about it. For surely the publishing houses of no other land send out such streams of books filled with reminiscences of the outdoor sports of hunting and fishing. There are as many of them as there are in this country of books about how to succeed. The majority of them make rather dull reading, being overloaded usually with inconsequential detail, but now and then comes one written with a keener sense of humor and a wider horizon, such as this by Major Long, which it is possible for an American who likes out-of-doors sports and life to read with enjoyment.

Major Long sees and writes more about other things than he does about his actual hunting and fishing, and he tells about scenery, people, daily life with a whole-hearted zest, throwing in numberless anecdotes and incidents, which not only proves how much pleasure he got out of his experiences himself but even does that unusual thing sometimes called "getting it across"—making the reader feel that it was all wonderfully entertaining and enjoyable. The book narrates the incidents of two visits, each of several months' length, to the West of Ireland, which all English sportsmen are agreed is the paradise of good sport. There are tales in plenty of expeditions with gun and rod and of what befell on these occasions. But the author has an eye for scenery and a feeling for it that result in many a delightful page. "Though the scenery is naturally grand and wild," he says, "its chief charm lies in the wonderful lights and shades of color imparted to mountain and moor by the peculiar atmospheric conditions largely caused by the close proximity of the Gulf Stream." And again he exclaims that though there are many lovely wild places in the world there is "none more lovely than the West of Ireland in its best mood."

But he delighted in the people quite as much as he did in the scenery or the sport, and he describes them and their ways and speech and tells such a multitude of anecdotes about them, and all with such high good humor and unflagging zest, that the reader enjoys the escapades and adventures almost as much as the author evidently did at the time. He makes these peasants and servants and inconsequent people of village and country interesting and lovable, notwithstanding their queer wildness, their many weaknesses and their love of "poteen." Their lives, indeed, seem built so invariably around the jug of this liquid that one wonders if in it cannot be found the key to some of the peculiar characteristics of the Irish and begins to speculate as to what Irish history might have been if St. Patrick had banished poteen as well as snakes from the Emerald Isle. The wife of one of Major Long's servitors gave him a unique rule for testing the sobriety of her husband. "Mickey's never drunk," said she, "until he goes down to the river to light his pipe, an' thin he's real drunk."

"Irish Sport of Yesterday" is a hearty, wholesome, jovial book that almost any kind of person, provided only that he loves his fellow-man, can read with constant entertainment.

ORGAN LOFTS OF PARIS

IN THE ORGAN LOFTS OF PARIS. By Frederic B. Stiven. Illustrated. 75 pp. Boston: The Stratford Company. $1.

AFTER all the many books of all the many kinds that have been written about Paris it would have seemed impossible for any one to find a fresh, unhackneyed viewpoint and something new to tell about it. And yet that is just what Mr. Stiven, who is director of the School of Music and Professor of Music in the University of Illinois, has done in this charming little volume. Its appeal, of course, is especially to musicians, and more specifically to those musicians who specialize in organ music. But it will interest any one who loves the Paris that is not the tourist's Paris and any one, also, who enjoys in books intimate, distinctive views and unusual experiences. Mr. Stiven spent two years in Paris, where he studied under the famous Guilmant, who had been for thirty years organist of La Trinité. In one way or another he was able to visit the organ lofts of ten of the great churches of Paris, always closed to the general public and opening their doors only for some special reason, and from this peculiarly interesting point of vantage he saw many things worth seeing and met several famous musicians.

Of the sights which he saw looking down from the loft upon mass or procession or wedding ceremony he gives brief and simply written but vivid and interesting descriptions. Of the tone of the organ in Notre Dame he says that it "is superb when heard from the loft, but from below the tones become blurred and indistinct." And of Vierne, the blind organist, whose playing he thought wonderful, that "he is truly one of those men who make you feel that after all, with all your senses fully developed, you are a weakling in the presence of one who has lost that most precious sense with which nature has endowed us." In the loft of Saint Sulpice the organist, M. Widor, showed him an organ, "a quaint instrument of white and gold" that had belonged to Marie Antoinette at Versailles and, saved from the sacking of the palace, had finally come into his hands. Mr. Stiven accounts Widor "one of the greatest of the older musicians of France."

Interesting to organists will be the description of the various instruments which the author was thus able to study. Of that in Saint Gervais, whose history he outlines, he comments that it is the only one in Paris of historical importance and he thinks that it should be removed from the church and erected in one of the national museums, because "it is a perfect example of the art of organ building in the seventeenth century."

The slender unpretentious volume has many little touches of interest besides its central theme—bits of history, vivid glimpses of picturesque scenes, brief descriptions and estimates of people. All these it shares with many another book. But as a glimpse of Paris from the organ lofts of famous churches it stands unique.

ALL THE WORLD IN AN INVALID'S REFLECTIONS

THE THRESHOLD! By M. W. A. 220 pp. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.

THE author of this book, a woman who has had rather a strange life, writes of nature, literature, money, religion, life, death and the future. As a child, self-centred, shy, hypersensitive, liking solitude, afraid of life, finding in herself remedy for her sorrows, she lived as many another like her has lived—out of touch with those about her, misunderstood and misjudged. Reared without the freedom that is the birthright of every child, she grew up with mystery all about her. She must not ask questions; she must not indulge in curiosity. The subject of sex must not be discussed. Even when she was old enough to be confirmed and received into the Church, and tempted to ask the rector about this question, he says: "Not yet, my child, not yet; you are too young." The author finds much in nature to soothe her and make life worth living. She finds an answer to her heart's longings in the winds, the spray, the clouds, the wild flowers and the birds.

I sometimes think my heaven will be
A green place with an orchard tree

And one sweet angel known to me.

But she cared for books before she cared for nature. It was through books that she discovered nature—books were her great "excitements." She found Byron at 10 and dropped him at 14. Shelley and Keats lasted. The secrets of biology and astronomy she pursued eagerly.

As to love, the author relates several instances. In the first place she gives the experiences of two middle-aged spinsters whose invalid mother, fretful and exacting, kept them from all society; in consequence, they never had a lover. Another case, a woman of beauty and ambition who had a number of lovers: She accepted one, hoping to find companionship; but ere long she realized she was doomed to disappointment. The third case was that of a girl friend who fell in love at 18. She feared at once that she would not be happy. Such proved to be the case, even though the match promised well. After her fear was realized she wondered if all would have been different if she had had more "faith."

The power that money exerts in the world shocks the author. That it should be the equivalent of life seems to her a "monstrous assumption." Financial genius is often possessed by veritable fools, while many of the brightest and best people lack it. Money can buy many things, but there are many things it cannot buy. This is a truth familiar enough, but well worth repetition.

What the author has to say of death is intensely interesting. Here is the greatest event that can happen in the life of man, she says, and yet we are so little concerned about it. Every man seems to think every other man mortal but himself.

Death is as natural as life, though we have created an artificial repugnance to it in the interests of self-preservation. There should be no such thing as the "ugliness of death."

As to the future, the author concludes that she

is always on the margin of life illimitable and that there are higher conditions than existence. Our activities are not surrendered at death. Death itself is activity—the threshold of we know not what new energies.

Newton Fuessle is finishing a new novel which is to be called "Andrew Grawn." Mr. Fuessle has recently completed editing the Rhineland Journal of General Henry T. Allen, who was in command of the American forces in Germany. The Journal will be published by Houghton-Mifflin in the Fall.

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Gentle Art of Making Diaries

(Continued from Page 1)

simple an account of a proposal by a dairy-maid as Victoria recorded in her diary:

> At about ½ p. 12 I sent for Albert; he came to the Closet, where I was alone, and after a few minutes I said to him that I thought he must be aware why I wished him to come here—and that it would make me *too happy* if he would consent to what I wished (to marry me). We embraced each other, and he was so kind and so affectionate. I told him that I was quite unworthy of him—he said he would be very happy "das Leben mit dir zu zubringen," and was so kind and seemed so happy that I really felt it was the happiest moment of my life.

Let the reader contrast these entries with one by the youthful Edward and he will get a fairly accurate idea not only of the scope of Ponsonby's volume, but also of the startling way in which it projects history on the screen. The entry is dated May 2, the year being 1550:

> Joan Bocher, otherwise called Joan of Kent, was burned for holding that Christ was not Incarnate of the Virgin Mary; being condemned the year before, but kept in hope of Conversion and the 30th of April, the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Ely were to persuade her, but she withstood them and reviled the Preacher that preached at her Death.

Of all the diarists who draw aside the curtains of their lives Fanny Burney is the most modest, as Byron, as was to be expected, is the most egotistical. As every scrap that Byron ever wrote has been paraded before the public again and again, quotation would only take space better given to the author of "Evelina." Ponsonby considers Fanny Burney "a diarist if ever there was one," but, as he omitted Dorothy Wordsworth, his judgment requires qualification. Miss Burney's claim to high honor in this field is, however, not to be denied. Much of the diary has reference to Dr. Johnson, whom the young novelist regarded with what amounted almost to adoration and which the great lexicographer repaid with affection. But this reciprocal feeling never blinded the observant eyes of the precocious authoress; otherwise she would surely have obliterated in after years the entry which records her first impression of Johnson:

> In the midst of this performance Dr. Johnson was announced. He is indeed very ill-favored; is tall and stout, but stoops terribly; he is almost bent double. His mouth is almost constantly opening and shutting as if he was chewing. He has a strange method of constantly twirling his fingers and twisting his hands. His body is in continued agitation see-sawing up and down; his feet are never a moment quiet; in short, his whole person is in perpetual motion. His dress, too, considering the times, and that he had meant to put on his "best becomes," being engaged to dine in a large company, was as much out of the common road as his figure; he had a large wig, snuff-colored coat and gold buttons, but no ruffles to his shirt, doughty fists and black worsted stockings.

Fanny Burney became second keeper of the robes to Queen Charlotte, and for five years her diary records minutely, but always in sprightly manner, the doings at Court. Never before or since have a King and Queen had so brilliant a word-painter in so constant attendance on them, or on such intimate terms. And the portraits which fill her diary give that document a uniqueness, although it was not a brilliant Court with which she was associated. Fanny Burney also speaks of her own literary work, viewing the publication of "Evelina" with consideration jocularity. Her diary is much more entertaining reading and has much more of a literary flavor than the brief record kept by her more illustrious successor, George Eliot.

George Eliot was not a diarist in the sense that Fanny Burney was a diarist. With her the journal that she kept was restricted largely, it would appear from the extracts, to entries regarding her novel writing, and to references to George Lewis. An oversight on the part of the proofreader of the Ponsonby book is the only amusing touch, as it makes George Eliot the author of a novel entitled "David Deronda," when "Daniel Deronda" is, of course, the book meant.

The only other novelist who appears to have kept a diary, and then only during the last months of his life, was Henry Fielding. The author of "Tom Jones" was dying of the dropsy, but he undertook a voyage to Lisbon, of which he kept a sort of log. The brief journal shows a man of remarkable courage to the last, and one whose wit is so alive that in spite of his great suffering he can appreciate the humor in the near-tragedy of the cat that falls overboard and is saved by a sailor that dives after her to fetch her back in his teeth!

But the reviewer of "English Diaries," however loath to stop, must make an end somewhere. A review of a complete library is a manifest impossibility—and that is what Ponsonby's volume is. One would like to linger over the forbidding figure of John Wesley, dour incarnation of religion militant, who enters on a "warm dispute" with a chance rider on the road from Newport-Pagnell, and, being the better mounted, keeps with him into the town of Northampton, endeavoring to show the stranger the wickedness of his heart and to convert him. One would like to call attention to Sir Henry Slingsby's touching pictures of his sovereign, Charles I., to whom he was loyal until the block was reached.

The most pathetic story in the book, the most relentless holding of the mirror up to self, is to be found in the diary of the artist Haydon, friend of Keats, Wordsworth, Lamb and all the other great of his time, who finally committed suicide, making the last entry in his journal just before firing the pistol shot that took his life. This diary, which filled twenty-seven manuscript volumes in the British Museum, was published in 1853, and is now read when Haydon's paintings are forgotten. The journal kept by Shelley's wife, Mary, is likewise full of pathos; but it is very brief, and fortunately so, if it is to be dragged into print. It is the sort of intimate writing that raises an ethical question as to the right of publication—there can be none as to the lack of kindness. When Mary writes: "Dream that my little baby came to life again," one reads no more.

Other diarists from whom there are extracts are Gladstone, William Windham, Cardinal Manning, Admiral Sir George Rooke, General Gordon, Fanny Kemble, Lord Macaulay and John Addington Symonds, to mention only a few of the most prominent prior to this century. For the twentieth century Ponsonby has chosen, besides Barbellion's, the journals of two officers killed in the war, Lord Bernard Gordon-Lennox and Arthur Graeme-West.

The editor's introduction is an essay of more than forty pages which covers every phase of the writing of diaries, and is, apart from the texts that follow, a highly valuable contribution. The book also provides a list of English diaries, with date and manner of publication.

Latest Works of Fiction

(Continued from Page 19)

—a "style inverté." After a scene with Germaine, for example,

> Jacques's life seemed like the slovenly rooms of the women of Montmartre, who get up at 4 in the afternoon, and throw a cloak over their nightclothes, in order to go for a bite to eat.

And again:

> Sleep is not at our command. It is a blind fish that rises up from out of the depths. It is a great bird that beats its wings in our faces. Jacques felt the fish swimming about in circles, beyond his reach. The bird folded its wings, perched on the very edge of Insomnia, turned its head in curious regard, smoothed down its feathers, scratched around, and would not be dominated.

After Germaine's final dismissal of him

> Jacques's life became blurred, obscure, like a loosened bicycle wheel, that rushed downward; like a camera plate, upon which the light has flashed too soon.

As in the case of Paul Morand, Cocteau's poetry dominates his prose, and is ever visible through it.

ROAD OF DESTINY

THE ROAD OF DESTINY. By Ellis Middleton. 272 pp. *New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Company.* $2.

A LIVELY, swashbuckling tale is this, wholly in the romantic tradition, a love story of England in the latter half of the eighteenth century, of ruffling gallants and the toast of the town, of bold footpads and their deeds in the streets of London, of strenuous journeys by horse and coach and chaise over dangerous and difficult country roads, of fighting prowess with fists and steel. There is a thrilling duel in it, marking the climax of the tale, wherein two clever swordsmen put their honor to the test of their skill with the rapier; and long before that there has been an even more thrilling duel between one of these men and a village giant and strong man with their bare fists, wherein they pummel each other well, to important results for them both. And in between there has been another contest with swords in which a true and kindly gentleman meets a worse fate than he deserves. So the reader can be sure that the story will furnish him with a plenty of that mettlesome regard for their honor and of the means by which they were ever ready to vindicate it that, according to all the historical romances picturing the eighteenth century, were the chief interest of the gallants of that day.

But these contests of skill and brawn are only one small part of the exciting entertainment the story offers. For it has a complicated plot which reaches far back to the Jacobite schemes of '45 and later, when the followers of Bonnie Prince Charlie were intriguing, long after they had a ghost of a chance of success, to bring him back to England. The father of the beautiful heroine, the Hon. Mrs. George Carfrey, to whom fate has awarded so many entrancing w's—she is winsome, wealthy and a widow—had been deeply concerned in these plots, and she, some years before, had espoused the cause with him. But at the time of the story she was through with it all and would gladly have forgotten it if a traitorous villain had not begun to use her father's and her own letters for blackmailing purposes. And so when the reader first meets her, on the opening pages, she is desperately in need of money, a very large sum of money, some ten thousand guineas, to save herself from his threatened exposures. It is more than the trustee of her property will let her have, and, being a woman of resource, she sends for a man of her own social world, Sir Richard Reveledale, who has the reputation of being an audacious and successful gamester, but a man whom she has never met, and asks him to take all the money she has, a thousand guineas; gamble with it and if he succeeds bring her the required ten thousand in three days' time.

Of course he accepts the quixotic commission, since this all happens in the world of romance, and in one evening's play wins the necessary sum. And then footpads set upon him on his way home, fell him with a blow on the head and take everything in his pockets, except a draft given him by one of his opponents at the gaming table in lieu of money. By the time this happens the story is well launched on its tumultuous way. But all this is only its mere beginning, and there follow such unfolding complications of plot, so many surprising incidents, such constant developments of amazing adventures and turns of fate, that the reader who enjoys that kind of romantic tale can be assured that he will find in "The Road of Destiny" a story much to his liking.

Harper & Brothers have announced that the author of "West of the Water Tower," which appeared anonymously, is Homer Croy. Mr. Croy lives at Forest Hills, L. I., where he is now engaged upon a novel of farm life.

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The Irish Guards

(Continued from Page 7)

tiled houses alongside. Here and there one heard the chatter of a machine gun, as detached and irrelevant as the laugh of an idiot. It would cease, and a single field gun would open as on some private quarrel. Then silence, and a suspicion, borne out of darkness, that the road was mined. Next, orders to the companies to spread themselves in different directions in the dark, to line ditches and the like for fear of attack. Then an overtaking at wrecked crossroads of some of the Second Brigade, who reported patrols of the Third Grenadiers had pushed on into Maubeuge without opposition, and that the rest of that battalion was gone on. Just before dawn No. 4 Company of the Irish, marching on a road parallel to the highway, ran into a company of Germans retiring. The diary says: "A short, sharp fight ensued in which five of the enemy were wounded and twelve captured, the rest getting off in the dark."

But there is a legend (it may have grown with the years) that the two bodies found themselves suddenly almost side by side on converging tracks and that the Irish, no word given, threw back to the instincts of Fontenoy—faced about, front rank kneeling, rear rank standing, and in this posture destroyed all that company. It was a thing that might well have come about darkling in a land scattered with odds and ends of drifting, crazed humanity. No. 2 Company solemnly reported the capture of two whole prisoners just after they had crossed the railway in the suburbs of Maubeuge, which they passed through on the morning of the 9th, and by noon were duly established and posted, company by company, well to the east of it. No. 2 Company lay in the village of Assevant, with pickets on the broken ridge over the river there, an observation line by day and all proper supports; No. 4 Company in posts on the road and down to the river, and Nos. 1 and 3 in reserve; yeomanry and corps cyclists out in front as though the war were eternal.

And, thus dispersed, after a little shelling of Assevant during the night the Irish Guards received word that "an armistice was declared at 11 A. M. this morning, Nov. 11."

Men took the news according to their natures. Indurated pessimists, after proving that it was a lie, said it would be but an interlude. Others retired into themselves as though they had been shot or went stiffly off about the meticulous execution of some trumpery detail of kit cleaning. Some turned round and fell asleep then and there; and a few lost all holds for a while.

It was the appalling new silence of things that soothed and unsettled them in turn. They did not realize till all sounds of their trade ceased, and the stillness stung in their ears as soda water stings on the palate, how entirely these had been part of their strained bodies and souls. ("It felt like falling through into nothing, ye'll understand. Listening for what wasn't there, and tryin' not to shout when you remembered for why.")

Men coming up from details camp, across old "unwholesome" areas, heard nothing but the roar of the lorries on which they had stolen their lift, and rejoiced with a childish mixture of fear as they topped every unscreened rise that was now mere scenery such as tourists would use later. To raise the head, without thought of precaution against what might be in front or on either flank, into free, still air was the first pleasure of that great release. To lie down that night in a big barn beside unscreened braziers, with one's smiling companions who talked till sleep overtook them, and, when the last happy babbler had dropped off, to hear the long-forgotten sound of a horse's feet trotting evenly on a hard road under a full moon, crowned all that had gone before. Each man had but one thought in those miraculous first hours: "I—even I, myself, here—have come through the war!"

To scorn the shelter of sunken roads, hedges, walls or lines of trees, and to extend in unmartial crowds across the whole width of a pavé, were exercises in freedom that he arrived at later. "We cannot realize it at all." * * * "So mad with joy we don't feel yet what it all means." The home letters were all in this strain. * * *

By Dec. 18 the advance had reached Lovenich, and after two days' rest there they entered Cologne on Dec. 23 with an absence of display that might or might not have been understood by the natives. They had covered more than 200 miles over bad roads in bad boots that could not be repaired nor thrown away, and but one man had fallen out. The drums played "Brian Boru" when they entered the Hohenzollern Ring; their Major General beheld that last march, and they were duly photographed in the wet; while the world that saw such photographs in the weekly illustrated papers was honestly convinced that the great war and all war was at an end for evermore.

Then really serious trouble overtook them which was, in some sort, a forecast of the days to come. Their billets at Nippes, in the suburbs of Cologne, were excellent and clean, though, of course, in need of the usual "improvements" which every battalion of the brigade is bound to make; but on Christmas Day, owing to transport difficulties, the men's Christmas dinner did not arrive!

This thing had never happened in the whole history of the war! Pressure of work in the front line had delayed that dinner, as on the Somme; enemy attentions had caused it to be eaten in haste, a sort of Passover, as in the dread salient, but complete breakdown was unheard of. The battalion rightly held it mortal sin, and spoke their minds about the transport which was fighting mud and distance across the hills as loyally as ever. It was the back areas that had been caught unprepared by the peace. But on Christmas night (superb and unscrupulous staff work went to secure it), a faithful lorry plowed in from Paris with what was wanted, and on Boxing Day the full and complete Christmas dinner was served, and for the fifth and last time their commanding officer performed the sacred ritual of "going round the dinners."

They sat them down, 22 officers and 628 other ranks, and none will know till Judgment Day how many ghosts were also present. For the first time since August, '14, the monthly returns showed no officer or man killed, wounded or missing. The two battalions had lost in all 2,349 dead, including 115 officers. Their total of wounded was 5,739. Of both these the First Battalion, by virtue of thirteen months longer in the field, could reckon more than a generous half.

They were too near and too deeply steeped in the war that year's end to realize their losses. Their early dead, as men talked over the past in Cologne, seemed to belong to immensely remote ages. Even those of that very Spring, of whom friends could still say, "If So-and-So had only lived to see this!" stood as far removed as the shadowy great ones of the prebomb, preduckboard twilight; and, in some inexpressible fashion, they themselves appeared the only living people in an uncaring world. Yet Cologne was alive with soldiery; roads were roaring full as communications were restored; men stood guard over visible gun and ammunition dumps; the battalion joined in marches to the bridgeheads, attended football matches, saw hosts of new faces belonging to new troops of all breeds, and watched about them, in the wet, gray weather, the muddy-faced Hunfolk, methodically as usual, trying to find out just how far it was expedient to go with the heralds of the alleged new order.

"But ye'll understand, when everything was said and done, there was nothing real to it at all, except when we got to talkin' and passin' round the names of them we wished was with us. We was lonely in those days. The half of us was Church of England by then, too. But we were lonely, ye'll understand, as units. And our billets, mind ye, ma-agnificent, with walls and lockers and doors and all. The same for the officers! And there was Mr. ——, that I'd known well any time these last two Winters, freezing and swearin' alongside of me in any shell-hole we could find, and glad to be out of the wind—and now, him cursin' in his quarters because he had not the Jerry-talk for the German for 'Turn off that dam' steam heat!' And that's war also.

"But ye might tell that we was lonely, most of all. Before God, we Micks was lonely!"

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Queries and Answers

QUERIES

"Toys of Fate"

S. A. P.—Will you kindly give me the complete quotation, of which this is part: "We are but toys of fate, marionettes who wag their heads," &c.

"Only a Tramp"

J. H. M.—I would like to find the poem entitled "A Tramp," or possibly, "Only a Tramp." The opening line, I think, is "His clothes, tho well cut, were a long time from the store." I do not refer to the one by T. G. La Moille.

"To the Battle's Front"

J. H. P.—Will you assist me in finding the poem which begins, as nearly as I can recall the lines:

To the battle's front do we need to go,
For a place where our courage is tried.

"Thy Brave Cheer"

E. G. C.—Will some one kindly give me the name of the author of these familiar lines: "So others shall take patience, labor, to their heart and hand, from thy hand and thy heart, and thy brave cheer"?

Borrowed Books

S. M. M.—Can some one tell me where to find in the writings of Walter Scott an allusion to people who borrow books and do not return them?

A Message of Peace

A. D.—I should like to know the author of the lines given below, which, I believe, are incorrectly quoted:

Far from all brother men, in the weird of the fen
With God's creature I bide, 'mid the birds that I ken;
Where the winds ever dree, where the hymns of the sea
Bring a message of peace from the ocean to me.

"The Breath of Life"

A. T. C.—Can any reader give me the author and the poem which reads something like this:

If you haven't it now, you will have it not,
When the fight is fierce and the pace is hot,

and it ends "It's the breath of life, and a strong man's creed."

Nathan Hale

G. D. S.—Can any reader tell me who wrote this poem on Hale, and when it was first published?

Doomed as a spy—so young, so fair—
With fettered limbs and bosom bare,
He stood in the crisp Autumn air,
Beneath the apple bough.

Scripture Cake

J. E. S.—Can any reader give me the author, recipe and original ideas of "Scripture Cake"? On one side is a recipe, and on the other side passages from the Bible, from Judges, Genesis, Proverbs, &c.

"I Trust Him Now"

L. L.—Will some one inform me where I can find the complete poem containing the following lines:

The soft, sweet Summer was warm and flowing,
Bright were the blossoms on every bough,
I trusted Him when the roses were blowing,
I trust Him now.

A Mother's Plea

G. F. B.—Can you help me find the poem about a Russian nobleman when the Czar's soldiers try to take his son? The mother pleads for him and throws her jewels at their feet.

His Own Hearthstone

G. E.—Will some reader help me find the author and the complete poem containing the following lines:

God, is it good that a man should know,
That the world was made for his own,
From the farthest blow of the ice and snow,
To the warmth of his own hearthstone?

ANSWERS

Riches and Happiness

B. B. VALLENTINE, N. Y.—Regarding Long's query in your issue of July 1, as to the remark attributed to Robert Ingersoll that "It is not necessary to be rich in order to be happy." Ingersoll in his "gold speech" at Carnegie Hall, New York, Oct. 29, 1896, the final rally of the McKinley League, previous to the Presidential election, is thus reported: "Why should we envy the rich? Why envy a man who has no earthly needs? * * * I know a great many rich men and I have read about a great many others, and I do not envy them. They are no happier than I am. You see, after all, few rich men own their property. The property owns them."

"The Man on Horseback"

M. B. ABRAHAMS, New Rochelle, N. Y.—The origin of the phrase "the man on horseback," to which "W. P. L." refers in your issue of July 1, applied to General Boulanger as a nickname popularly conferred upon Georges Ernest Jean Marie Boulanger (1837-1891), the famous French agitator and demagogue, from the fact that he was rarely seen in public except when mounted on his favorite black charger. For some years he enjoyed great popularity and was by many regarded as the coming man of France, but, having been charged by the Senate with appropriating, while Minister of the War, the sum of 250,000 francs for purposes of his own propaganda, he fled to England and afterward retired to Belgium, where he committed suicide. The phrase "a man on horseback" is also used to denote any person that curbs the violence of mob-rule and re-establishes law and order.

Several other correspondents answered this query.

"Nabob of the East"

LOUELLA D. EVERETT, 107 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston—I append a copy of the poem, "A Modest Wit," for which "G. B." asked in the issue of July 1. It is by Selleck Osborn, who was born at Trumbull, Conn., in 1783, and died at Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 1, 1826. The poem is included in Burton E. Stevenson's compilation, "The Home Book of Verse." (Henry Holt & Co.)

A MODEST WIT

A supercilious nabob of the East—
Haughty, being great—purse-proud, being rich—
A Governor, or General, at the least,
I have forgotten which—

Had in his family a humble youth,
Who went from England in his patron's suite,
An unassuming boy, and in truth
A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit;
But yet, with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
His Honor, proudly free, severely merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "by what art, craft or trade,
Did your good father gain his livelihood?"
"He was a saddler," Modestus said,
"And in his time was reckoned good."

"A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek
Instead of teaching you to sew!
Pray, why did not your father make
A saddler, sir, of you?"

Each parasite, then, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round,

At length Modestus, bowing low,
Said (craving pardon, if too free he made),
"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
Your father's trade!"

"My father's trade! Bless me, that's too bad!
My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low—
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

"Excuse the liberty I take,"
Modestus said, with archness on his brow,
"Pray, why did not your father make
A gentleman of you?"

Several other correspondents answered this query.

"There's a Town"

MRS. F. P. VAN DENBEIGH, Round Lake, N. Y.—The author of the poem "F. E. W." asks for, in your issue of May 20, is I. J. Bartlett. The poem follows:

THE TOWN OF DON'T-YOU-WORRY.

There's a town called Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of River Smile;
Where the Cheer-Up and Be-Happy
Blossom sweetly all the while.
Where the Never-Grumble flower
Blooms beside the fragrant Try,
And the Ne'er-Give-Up and Patience
Point their faces to the sky.

In the valley of Contentment,
In the province of I-Will,
You will find this lovely city,
At the foot of No-Fret hill,
There are thoroughfares delightful
In this very charming town,
And on every hand are shade trees
Named the Very-Seldom-Frown.

Rustic benches quite enticing
You'll find scattered here and there;
And to each a vine is clinging
Called the Frequent-Earnest-Prayer,
Everybody there is happy,
And is singing all the while,
In the town of Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of River Smile.

"After Sunset"

BARBARA, Jarrell, N. Y.—The lines "K. P. R." asks for in your issue of June 24 are by Grace Hazard Conkling, and are called "After Sunset." I enclose the complete poem:

I have an understanding with the hills
At evening, when the slanted radiance fills
Their hollows, and the great winds let them be,
And they are quiet and look down at me.
Oh, then I see the patience in their eyes
Out of the centuries that made them wise.
They lend me hoarded memory, and I learn
Their thoughts of granite and their whims of fern,
And why a dream of forests must endure
Though every tree be slain: and how the pure,
Invisible beauty has a word so brief
A flower can say it, or a shaken leaf,
But few may ever snare it in a song,
Though for a quest a life is not too long.
When the blue hills grow tender, when they pull
The twilight close with gesture beautiful,
And shadows are their garments, and the air
Deepens, and the wild veery is at prayer,
Their arms are strong around me; and I know
That somehow I shall follow when they go
To the still land beyond the evening star
Where everlasting hills and valleys are,
And silence may not hurt us any more,
And terror shall be past, and grief, and war.

Several other correspondents answered this query.

"You"

A. WALTER UTTING, Woodhaven, L. I.—I believe "J. J. D." in your issue of June 17 is inquiring for the authorship and words of a poem in which the phrase "It's not the world—it's you" occurs has reference to a poem of mine entitled "You," a copy of which I enclose herewith:

YOU.

When all mankind is turned aside,
Opposing you in every act;
When no one notes save to deride
And patience pleads for all your tact,
Do not at such times think, in sad
And sobbing strains, that this is due
To fate—that all the world is bad—
It's you.

With all the marchers out of step
Except yourself in life's long walk,
And no one caring to get "hep"
No matter how or where you talk,
Do not assume that things are wrong
With all the world; that rights are few;
If one's where he does not belong,
It's you.

When you have labored good and hard
At what you think you should have done,
In shop or store or woods or yard,
'Neath moaning moon or swelt'ring sun;
When no one listens to your song
(Or listeners are mighty few),
It's not the world, young man, that's wrong,
It's you.

It's always you. If you have worth
The world will gather at your feet;
If not, there is no place on earth
Where you can reap the harvest sweet;
If you can't gain the recompense
You think you are entitled to,
The fault, you'll find (if you have sense)
Is you.

A Boy's Bluff.

GEORGE W. POTTER, Providence, R. I.—The poem asked for by "B. M. L." in your issue of June 24 is as follows:

"AN OVERWORKED ELOCUTIONIST."

By Carolyn Wells.

Once there was a little boy, whose name was Robert Reece;
And every Friday afternoon he had to speak a piece.
So many poems thus he learned, that soon he had a store
Of recitations in his head and still kept learning more.
And now this is what happened: he was called upon one week
And totally forgot the piece he was about to speak.
His brain he cudgeled. Not a word remained within his head!
And so he spoke at random, and this is what he said:
"My Beautiful, my beautiful, who standest proudly by,
It was the schooner Hesperus—the breaking waves dashed high!
Why is this Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?
Under a spreading chestnut tree, there is no place like home!
When freedom from her mountain height cried "Twinkle, little star,"
Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, King Henry of Navarre!
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue castled crag of Drachenfels,
My name is Norval, on the Grampian hills, ring out wild bells!
If you're waking, call me early, to be or not to be,
The curfew must not ring tonight! Oh, woodman, spare that tree!
Charge, Chester, Charge! On, Stanley, on! and let who will be clever!
The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on forever!"
His elocution was superb, his voice and gestures fine;
His schoolmates all applauded as he finished the last line.
"I see it doesn't matter," Robert thought, "what words I say,
So long as I declaim with oratorical display."

"Dream Like Mountains"

MARY M. DILLARD, Philadelphia, Pa.—In answer to "J. H. G." in your issue of June 17, the question desired is:

"Dreams of mountains, as in their sleep they brood on things eternal."

It is taken from an article written in "Titan of Chains," a pamphlet by C. A. Higgins, on the Grand Canyon of Arizona. The book is now out of

(Continued on Page 31)

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WE HAVE LIV'D AND LOV'D TOGETHER

We have liv'd and lov'd together
Thro' many changing years,
We have shar'd each other's gladness
And wept each other's tears.
I have never known a sorrow
That was long unsooth'd by thee,
That was long unsooth'd by thee,
For thy smile can make a Summer
Where darkness else would be;
For thy smile can make a Summer
Where darkness else would be.

Like the leaves that fall around us
In Autumn's fading hours,
And the traitor smiles that darken
Where the cloud of sorrow lowers.
And tho' many such we've known love,
Too prone, alas, to range—
Too prone, alas, to range,
We both can speak of one love
Whom time could never change;
We both can speak of one love
Whom time could never change.

We have liv'd and lov'd together
Thro' many changing years,
We have shar'd each other's gladness
And wept each other's tears.
And let us hope the future
As the past has been will be—
As the past has been will be.
I will share with thee thy sorrows
And thou thy joys with me;
I will share with thee thy sorrows
And thou thy joys with me.

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She did not realize that it was wrong. Yet the instant it was done, she felt a change in the jolly atmosphere and her intuition told her that she had made an unforgivable mistake. But *then*, it was too late. Cheeks flaming, she burst from the room, barely able to withhold the flood of tears. So she groped her way home, blindly, to wage a losing battle for forgetfulness.

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